

# RANDOM PD ENCYCLOPEDIA - Y

## **The Ancient Yosemite Glaciers:**

How the Valley Was Formed

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Yosemite*, by John Muir

All California has been glaciated, the low plains and valleys as well as the mountains. Traces of an ice-sheet, thousands of feet in thickness, beneath whose heavy folds the present landscapes have been molded, may be found everywhere, though glaciers now exist only among the peaks of the High Sierra. No other mountain chain on this or any other of the continents that I have seen is so rich as the Sierra in bold, striking, well-preserved glacial monuments. Indeed, every feature is more or less tellingly glacial. Not a peak, ridge, dome, canyon, yosemite, lake-basin, stream or forest will you see that does not in some way explain the past existence and modes of action of flowing, grinding, sculpturing, soil-making, scenery-making ice. For, notwithstanding the post-glacial agents--the air, rain, snow, frost, river, avalanche, etc.--have been at work upon the greater portion of the Range for tens of thousands of stormy years, each engraving its own characters more and more deeply over those of the ice, the latter are so enduring and so heavily emphasized, they still rise in sublime relief, clear and legible, through every after-inscription. The landscapes of North Greenland, Antarctica, and some of those of our own Alaska, are still being fashioned beneath a slow-crawling mantle of ice, from a quarter of a mile to probably more than a mile in thickness, presenting noble illustrations of the ancient condition of California, when its sublime scenery lay hidden in process of formation. On the Himalaya, the mountains of Norway and Switzerland, the Caucasus, and on most of those of Alaska, their ice-mantle has been melted down into separate glaciers that flow river-like through the valleys, illustrating a similar past condition in the Sierra, when every canyon and valley was the channel of an ice-stream, all of which may be easily traced back to their fountains, where some sixty-five or seventy of their topmost residual branches still linger beneath protecting mountain shadows.

The change from one to another of those glacial conditions was slow as we count time. When the great cycle of snow years, called the Glacial Period, was nearly complete in California, the ice-mantle, wasting from season to season faster than it was renewed, began to withdraw from the lowlands and gradually became shallower everywhere. Then the highest of the Sierra domes and dividing ridges, containing distinct glaciers between them, began to appear above the icy sea. These first river-like glaciers remained united in one continuous sheet toward the summit of the Range for many centuries. But as the snow-fall diminished, and the

climate became milder, this upper part of the ice-sheet was also in turn separated into smaller distinct glaciers, and these again into still smaller ones, while at the same time all were growing shorter and shallower, though fluctuations of the climate now and then occurred that brought their receding ends to a standstill, or even enabled them to advance for a few tens or hundreds of years.

Meanwhile, hardy, home-seeking plants and animals, after long waiting, flocked to their appointed places, pushing bravely on higher and higher, along every sun-warmed slope, closely following the retreating ice, which, like shreds of summer clouds, at length vanished from the new-born mountains, leaving them in all their main, telling features nearly as we find them now.

Tracing the ways of glaciers, learning how Nature sculpts mountain-waves in making scenery-beauty that so mysteriously influences every human being, is glorious work.

The most striking and attractive of the glacial phenomena in the upper Yosemite region are the polished glacier pavements, because they are so beautiful, and their beauty is of so rare a kind, so unlike any portion of the loose, deeply weathered lowlands where people make homes and earn their bread. They are simply flat or gently undulating areas of hard resisting granite, which present the unchanged surface upon which with enormous pressure the ancient glaciers flowed. They are found in most perfect condition in the subalpine region, at an elevation of from eight thousand to nine thousand feet. Some are miles in extent, only slightly interrupted by spots that have given way to the weather, while the best preserved portions reflect the sunbeams like calm water or glass, and shine as if polished afresh every day, notwithstanding they have been exposed to corroding rains, dew, frost, and snow measureless thousands of years.

The attention of wandering hunters and prospectors, who see so many mountain wonders, is seldom commanded by other glacial phenomena, moraines however regular and artificial-looking, canyons however deep or strangely modeled, rocks however high; but when they come to these shining pavements they stop and stare in wondering admiration, kneel again and again to examine the brightest spots, and try hard to account for their mysterious shining smoothness. They may have seen the winter avalanches of snow descending in awful majesty through the woods, scouring the rocks and sweeping away like weeds the trees that stood in their way, but conclude that this cannot be the work of avalanches, because the scratches and fine polished strife show that the agent, whatever it was, moved along the sides of high rocks and ridges and up over the tops of them as well as down their slopes. Neither can they see how water may possibly have been the agent, for they find the same strange polish upon ridges and domes thousands of feet above the reach of any conceivable flood. Of all the agents of whose work they know

anything, only the wind seems capable of moving across the face of the country in the directions indicated by the scratches and grooves. The Indian name of Lake Tenaya is "Pyweak"--the lake of shining rocks. One of the Yosemite tribe, Indian Tom, came to me and asked if I could tell him what had made the Tenaya rocks so smooth. Even dogs and horses, when first led up the mountains, study geology to this extent that they gaze wonderingly at the strange brightness of the ground and smell it, and place their feet cautiously upon it as if afraid of falling or sinking.

In the production of this admirable hard finish, the glaciers in many places flowed with a pressure of more than a thousand tons to the square yard, planing down granite, slate, and quartz alike, and bringing out the veins and crystals of the rocks with beautiful distinctness. Over large areas below the sources of the Tuolumne and Merced the granite is porphyritic; feldspar crystals in inch or two in length in many places form the greater part of the rock, and these, when planed off level with the general surface, give rise to a beautiful mosaic on which the happy sunbeams splash and glow in passionate enthusiasm. Here lie the brightest of all the Sierra landscapes. The Range both to the north and south of this region was, perhaps, glaciated about as heavily, but because the rocks are less resisting, their polished surfaces have mostly given way to the weather, leaving only small imperfect patches. The lower remnants of the old glacial surface occur at an elevation of from 3000 to 5000 feet above the sea level, and twenty to thirty miles below the axis of the Range. The short, steeply inclined canyons of the eastern flank also contain enduring, brilliantly striated and polished rocks, but these are less magnificent than those of the broad western flank.

One of the best general views of the brightest and best of the Yosemite park landscapes that every Yosemite tourist should see, is to be had from the top of Fairview Dome, a lofty conoidal rock near Cathedral Peak that long ago I named the Tuolumne Glacier Monument, one of the most striking and best preserved of the domes. Its burnished crown is about 1500 feet above the Tuolumne Meadows and 10,000 above the sea. At first sight it seems inaccessible, though a good climber will find it may be scaled on the south side. About half-way up you will find it so steep that there is danger of slipping, but feldspar crystals, two or three inches long, of which the rock is full, having offered greater resistance to atmospheric erosion than the mass of the rock in which they are imbedded, have been brought into slight relief in some places, roughening the surface here and there, and affording helping footholds.

The summit is burnished and scored like the sides and base, the scratches and strife indicating that the mighty Tuolumne Glacier swept over it as if it were only a mere boulder in the bottom of its channel. The pressure it withstood must have been enormous. Had it been less solidly built it would have been carried away, ground into moraine fragments, like the adjacent rock in which it lay imbedded; for, great as it is, it is only a hard residual knot like the Yosemite domes,

brought into relief by the removal of less resisting rock about it; an illustration of the survival of the strongest and most favorably situated.

Hardly less wonderful is the resistance it has offered to the trying mountain weather since first its crown rose above the icy sea. The whole quantity of post-glacial wear and tear it has suffered has not degraded it a hundredth of an inch, as may readily be shown by the polished portions of the surface. A few erratic boulders, nicely poised on its crown, tell an interesting story. They came from the summit-peaks twelve miles away, drifting like chips on the frozen sea, and were stranded here when the top of the monument merged from the ice, while their companions, whose positions chanced to be above the slopes of the sides where they could not find rest, were carried farther on by falling back on the shallowing ice current.

The general view from the summit consists of a sublime assemblage of ice-born rocks and mountains, long wavering ridges, meadows, lakes, and forest-covered moraines, hundreds of square miles of them. The lofty summit-peaks rise grandly along the sky to the east, the gray pillared slopes of the Hoffman Range toward the west, and a billowy sea of shining rocks like the Monument, some of them almost as high and which from their peculiar sculpture seem to be rolling westward in the middle ground, something like breaking waves. Immediately beneath you are the Big Tuolumne Meadows, smooth lawns with large breadths of woods on either side, and watered by the young Tuolumne River, rushing cool and clear from its many snow- and ice-fountains. Nearly all the upper part of the basin of the Tuolumne Glacier is in sight, one of the greatest and most influential of all the Sierra ice-rivers. Lavishly flooded by many a noble affluent from the ice-laden flanks of Mounts Dana, Lyell, McClure, Gibbs, Conness, it poured its majestic outflowing current full against the end of the Hoffman Range, which divided and deflected it to right and left, just as a river of water is divided against an island in the middle of its channel. Two distinct glaciers were thus formed, one of which flowed through the great Tuolumne Canyon and Hetch Hetchy Valley, while the other swept upward in a deep current two miles wide across the divide, five hundred feet high between the basins of the Tuolumne and Merced, into the Tenaya Basin, and thence down through the Tenaya Canyon and Yosemite.

The map-like distinctness and freshness of this glacial landscape cannot fail to excite the attention of every beholder, no matter how little of its scientific significance may be recognized. These bald, westward-leaning rocks, with their rounded backs and shoulders toward the glacier fountains of the summit-mountains, and their split, angular fronts looking in the opposite direction, explain the tremendous grinding force with which the ice-flood passed over them, and also the direction of its flow. And the mountain peaks around the sides of the upper general Tuolumne Basin, with their sharp unglaciated summits and

polished rounded sides, indicate the height to which the glaciers rose; while the numerous moraines, curving and swaying in beautiful lines, mark the boundaries of the main trunk and its tributaries as they existed toward the close of the glacial winter. None of the commercial highways of the land or sea, marked with buoys and lamps, fences, and guide-boards, is so unmistakably indicated as are these broad, shining trails of the vanished Tuolumne Glacier and its far-reaching tributaries.

I should like now to offer some nearer views of a few characteristic specimens of these wonderful old ice-streams, though it is not easy to make a selection from so vast a system intimately inter-blended. The main branches of the Merced Glacier are, perhaps, best suited to our purpose, because their basins, full of telling inscriptions, are the ones most attractive and accessible to the Yosemite visitors who like to look beyond the valley walls. They number five, and may well be called Yosemite glaciers, since they were the agents Nature used in developing and fashioning the grand Valley. The names I have given them are, beginning with the northern-most, Yosemite Creek, Hoffman, Tenaya, South Lyell, and Illilouette Glaciers. These all converged in admirable poise around from northeast to southeast, welded themselves together into the main Yosemite Glacier, which, grinding gradually deeper, swept down through the Valley, receiving small tributaries on its way from the Indian, Sentinel, and Pohono Canyons; and at length flowed out of the Valley, and on down the Range in a general westerly direction. At the time that the tributaries mentioned above were well defined as to their boundaries, the upper portion of the valley walls, and the highest rocks about them, such as the Domes, the uppermost of the Three Brothers and the Sentinel, rose above the surface of the ice. But during the Valley's earlier history, all its rocks, however lofty, were buried beneath a continuous sheet, which swept on above and about them like the wind, the upper portion of the current flowing steadily, while the lower portion went mazing and swedging down in the crooked and dome-blocked canyons toward the head of the Valley.

Every glacier of the Sierra fluctuated in width and depth and length, and consequently in degree of individuality, down to the latest glacial days. It must, therefore, be borne in mind that the following description of the Yosemite glaciers applies only to their separate condition, and to that phase of their separate condition that they presented toward the close of the glacial period after most of their work was finished, and all the more telling features of the Valley and the adjacent region were brought into relief.

The comparatively level, many-fountained Yosemite Creek Glacier was about fourteen miles in length by four or five in width, and from five hundred to a thousand feet deep. Its principal tributaries, drawing their sources from the northern spurs of the Hoffman Range, at first pursued a westerly course; then, uniting with each other, and a series

of short affluents from the western rim of the basin, the trunk thus formed swept around to the southward in a magnificent curve, and poured its ice over the north wall of Yosemite in cascades about two miles wide. This broad and comparatively shallow glacier formed a sort of crawling, wrinkled ice-cloud, that gradually became more regular in shape and river-like as it grew older. Encircling peaks began to overshadow its highest fountains, rock islets rose here and there amid its ebbing currents, and its picturesque banks, adorned with domes and round-backed ridges, extended in massive grandeur down to the brink of the Yosemite walls.

In the meantime the chief Hoffman tributaries, slowly receding to the shelter of the shadows covering their fountains, continued to live and work independently, spreading soil, deepening lake-basins and giving finishing touches to the sculpture in general. At length these also vanished, and the whole basin is now full of light. Forests flourish luxuriantly upon its ample moraines, lakes and meadows shine and bloom amid its polished domes, and a thousand gardens adorn the banks of its streams.

It is to the great width and even slope of the Yosemite Creek Glacier that we owe the unrivaled height and sheerness of the Yosemite Falls. For had the positions of the ice-fountains and the structure of the rocks been such as to cause down-thrusting concentration of the Glacier as it approached the Valley, then, instead of a high vertical fall we should have had a long slanting cascade, which after all would perhaps have been as beautiful and interesting, if we only had a mind to see it so.

The short, comparatively swift-flowing Hoffman Glacier, whose fountains extend along the south slopes of the Hoffman Range, offered a striking contrast to the one just described. The erosive energy of the latter was diffused over a wide field of sunken, boulder-like domes and ridges. The Hoffman Glacier, on the contrary moved right ahead on a comparatively even surface, making descent of nearly five thousand feet in five miles, steadily contracting and deepening its current, and finally united with the Tenaya Glacier as one of its most influential tributaries in the development and sculpture of the great Half Dome, North Dome and the rocks adjacent to them about the head of the Valley.

The story of its death is not unlike that of its companion already described, though the declivity of its channel, and its uniform exposure to sun-heat prevented any considerable portion of its current from becoming torpid, lingering only well up on the Mountain slopes to finish their sculpture and encircle them with a zone of moraine soil for forests and gardens. Nowhere in all this wonderful region will you find more beautiful trees and shrubs and flowers covering the traces of ice.

The rugged Tenaya Glacier wildly crevassed here and there above the

ridges it had to cross, instead of drawing its sources direct from the summit of the Range, formed, as we have seen, one of the outlets of the great Tuolumne Glacier, issuing from this noble fountain like a river from a lake, two miles wide, about fourteen miles long, and from 1500 to 2000 feet deep.

In leaving the Tuolumne region it crossed over the divide, as mentioned above, between the Tuolumne and Tenaya basins, making an ascent of five hundred feet. Hence, after contracting its wide current and receiving a strong affluent from the fountains about Cathedral Peak, it poured its massive flood over the northeastern rim of its basin in splendid cascades. Then, crushing heavily against the Clouds' Rest Ridge, it bore down upon the Yosemite domes with concentrated energy.

Toward the end of the ice period, while its Hoffman companion continued to grind rock-meal for coming plants, the main trunk became torpid, and vanished, exposing wide areas of rolling rock-waves and glistening pavements, on whose channelless surface water ran wild and free. And because the trunk vanished almost simultaneously throughout its whole extent, no terminal moraines are found in its canyon channel; nor, since its walls are, in most places, too steeply inclined to admit of the deposition of moraine matter, do we find much of the two main laterals. The lowest of its residual glaciers lingered beneath the shadow of the Yosemite Half Dome; others along the base of Coliseum Peak above Lake Tenaya and along the precipitous wall extending from the lake to the Big Tuolumne Meadows. The latter, on account of the uniformity and continuity of their protecting shadows, formed moraines of considerable length and regularity that are liable to be mistaken for portions of the left lateral of the Tuolumne tributary glacier.

Spend all the time you can spare or steal on the tracks of this grand old glacier, charmed and enchanted by its magnificent canyon, lakes and cascades and resplendent glacier pavements.

The Nevada Glacier was longer and more symmetrical than the last, and the only one of the Merced system whose sources extended directly back to the main summits on the axis of the Range. Its numerous fountains were ranged side by side in three series, at an elevation of from 10,000 to 12,000 feet above the sea. The first, on the right side of the basin, extended from the Matterhorn to Cathedral Peak; that on the left through the Merced group, and these two parallel series were united by a third that extended around the head of the basin in a direction at right angles to the others.

The three ranges of high peaks and ridges that supplied the snow for these fountains, together with the Clouds' Rest Ridge, nearly inclose a rectangular basin, that was filled with a massive sea of ice, leaving an outlet toward the west through which flowed the main trunk glacier, three-fourths of a mile to a mile and a half wide, fifteen miles long,

and from 1000 to 1500 feet deep, and entered Yosemite between the Half Dome and Mount Starr King.

Could we have visited Yosemite Valley at this period of its history, we should have found its ice cascades vastly more glorious than their tiny water representatives of the present day. One of the grandest of these was formed by that portion of the Nevada Glacier that poured over the shoulder of the Half Dome.

This glacier, as a whole, resembled an oak, with a gnarled swelling base and wide-spreading branches. Picturesque rocks of every conceivable form adorned its banks, among which glided the numerous tributaries, mottled with black and red and gray boulders, from the fountain peaks, while ever and anon, as the deliberate centuries passed away, dome after dome raised its burnished crown above the ice-flood to enrich the slowly opening landscapes.

The principal moraines occur in short irregular sections along the sides of the canyons, their fragmentary condition being due to interruptions caused by portions of the sides of the canyon walls being too steep for moraine matter to lie on, and to down-sweeping torrents and avalanches. The left lateral of the trunk may be traced about five miles from the mouth of the first main tributary to the Illilouette Canyon. The corresponding section of the right lateral, extending from Cathedral tributary to the Half Dome, is more complete because of the more favorable character of the north side of the canyon. A short side-glacier came in against it from the slopes of Clouds' Rest; but being fully exposed to the sun, it was melted long before the main trunk, allowing the latter to deposit this portion of its moraine undisturbed. Some conception of the size and appearance of this fine moraine may be gained by following the Clouds' Rest trail from Yosemite, which crosses it obliquely and conducts past several sections made by streams. Slate boulders may be seen that must have come from the Lyell group, twelve miles distant. But the bulk of the moraine is composed of porphyritic granite derived from Feldspar and Cathedral Valleys.

On the sides of the moraines we find a series of terraces, indicating fluctuations in the level of the glacier, caused by variations of snow-fall, temperature, etc., showing that the climate of the glacial period was diversified by cycles of milder or stormier seasons similar to those of post-glacial time.

After the depth of the main trunk diminished to about five hundred feet, the greater portion became torpid, as is shown by the moraines, and lay dying in its crooked channel like a wounded snake, maintaining for a time a feeble squirming motion in places of exceptional depth, or where the bottom of the canyon was more steeply inclined. The numerous fountain-wombs, however, continued fruitful long after the trunk had vanished, giving rise to an imposing array of short residual glaciers,



extending around the rim of the general basin a distance of nearly twenty-four miles. Most of these have but recently succumbed to the new climate, dying in turn as determined by elevation, size, and exposure, leaving only a few feeble survivors beneath the coolest shadows, which are now slowly completing the sculpture of one of the noblest of the Yosemite basins.

The comparatively shallow glacier that at this time filled the Illilouette Basin, though once far from shallow, more resembled a lake than a river of ice, being nearly half as wide as it was long. Its greatest length was about ten miles, and its depth perhaps nowhere much exceeded 1000 feet. Its chief fountains, ranged along the west side of the Merced group, at an elevation of about 10,000 feet, gave birth to fine tributaries that flowed in a westerly direction, and united in the center of the basin. The broad trunk at first poured northwestward, then curved to the northward, deflected by the lofty wall forming its western bank, and finally united with the grand Yosemite trunk, opposite Glacier Point.

All the phenomena relating to glacial action in this basin are remarkably simple and orderly, on account of the sheltered positions occupied by its ice-fountains, with reference to the disturbing effects of larger glaciers from the axis of the main Range earlier in the period. From the eastern base of the Starr King cone you may obtain a fine view of the principal moraines sweeping grandly out into the middle of the basin from the shoulders of the peaks, between which the ice-fountains lay. The right lateral of the tributary, which took its rise between Red and Merced Mountains, measures two hundred and fifty feet in height at its upper extremity, and displays three well-defined terraces, similar to those of the south Lyell Glacier. The comparative smoothness of the upper-most terrace shows that it is considerably more ancient than the others, many of the boulders of which it is composed having crumbled. A few miles to the westward, this moraine has an average slope of twenty-seven degrees, and an elevation above the bottom of the channel of six hundred and sixty feet. Near the middle of the main basin, just where the regularly formed medial and lateral moraines flatten out and disappear, there is a remarkably smooth field of gravel, planted with arctostaphylos, that looks at the distance of a mile like a delightful meadow. Stream sections show the gravel deposit to be composed of the same material as the moraines, but finer, and more water-worn from the action of converging torrents issuing from the tributary glaciers after the trunk was melted. The southern boundary of the basin is a strikingly perfect wall, gray on the top, and white down the sides and at the base with snow, in which many a crystal brook takes rise. The northern boundary is made up of smooth undulating masses of gray granite, that lift here and there into beautiful domes of which the Starr King cluster is the finest, while on the east tower of the majestic fountain-peaks with wide canyons and neve amphitheaters between them, whose variegated rocks show out gloriously against the sky.

The ice-plows of this charming basin, ranged side by side in orderly gangs, furrowed the rocks with admirable uniformity, producing irrigating channels for a brood of wild streams, and abundance of rich soil adapted to every requirement of garden and grove. No other section of the Yosemite uplands is in so perfect a state of glacial cultivation. Its domes and peaks, and swelling rock-waves, however majestic in themselves, and yet submissively subordinate to the garden center. The other basins we have been describing are combinations of sculptured rocks, embellished with gardens and groves; the Illilouette is one grand garden and forest, embellished with rocks, each of the five beautiful in its own way, and all as harmoniously related as are the five petals of a flower. After uniting in the Yosemite Valley, and expending the down-thrusting energy derived from their combined weight and the declivity of their channels, the grand trunk flowed on through and out of the Valley. In effecting its exit a considerable ascent was made, traces of which may still be seen on the abraded rocks at the lower end of the Valley, while the direction pursued after leaving the Valley is surely indicated by the immense lateral moraines extending from the ends of the walls at an elevation of from 1500 to 1800 feet. The right lateral moraine was disturbed by a large tributary glacier that occupied the basin of Cascade Creek, causing considerable complication in its structure. The left is simple in form for several miles of its length, or to the point where a tributary came in from the southeast. But both are greatly obscured by the forests and underbrush growing upon them, and by the denuding action of rains and melting snows, etc. It is, therefore, the less to be wondered at that these moraines, made up of material derived from the distant fountain-mountains, and from the Valley itself, were not sooner recognized.

The ancient glacier systems of the Tuolumne, San Joaquin, Kern, and Kings River Basins were developed on a still grander scale and are so replete with interest that the most sketchy outline descriptions of each, with the works they have accomplished would fill many a volume. Therefore I can do but little more than invite everybody who is free to go and see for himself.

The action of flowing ice, whether in the form of river-like glaciers or broad mantles, especially the part it played in sculpturing the earth, is as yet but little understood. Water rivers work openly where people dwell, and so does the rain, and the sea, thundering on all the shores of the world; and the universal ocean of air, though invisible, speaks aloud in a thousand voices, and explains its modes of working and its power. But glaciers, back in their white solitudes, work apart from men, exerting their tremendous energies in silence and darkness. Outspread, spirit-like, they brood above the predestined landscapes, work on unwearied through immeasurable ages, until, in the fullness of time, the mountains and valleys are brought forth, channels furrowed for rivers, basins made for lakes and meadows, and arms of the sea, soils spread for

forests and fields; then they shrink and vanish like summer clouds.

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## YEW.

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### (1) \_Song.\_

My shroud of white, stuck all with Yew,  
Oh! prepare it.

\_Twelfth Night\_, act ii, sc. 4 (56).

### \_(2) 3rd Witch.\_

Gall of goat, and slips of Yew  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse.

\_Macbeth\_, act iv, sc. 1 (27).

### (3) \_Scroop.\_

Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows  
Of double-fatal Yew against thy state.

\_Richard II\_, act iii, sc. 2 (116).

### (4) \_Tamora.\_

But straight they told me they would bind me here  
Unto the body of a dismal Yew.

\_Titus Andronicus\_, act ii, sc. 3 (106).

### (5) \_Paris.\_

Under yond Yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread  
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)

But thou shalt hear it.

\_Romeo and Juliet\_, act v, sc. 3 (3).

(6) \_Balthasar.\_

As I did sleep under this Yew tree here,[327:1]  
I dreamt my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him.

\_Ibid.\_ (137).

\_See also\_ HEBENON, p. 118.

The Yew, though undoubtedly an indigenous British plant, has not a British name. The name is derived from the Latin \_Iva\_, and "under this name we find the \_Yew\_ so inextricably mixed up with the \_Ivy\_ that, as dissimilar as are the two trees, there can be no doubt that these names are in their origin identical." So says Dr. Prior, and he proceeds to give a long and very interesting account of the origin of the name. The connection of Yew with \_iva\_ and \_Ivy\_ is still shown in the French \_if\_, the German \_eibe\_, and the Portuguese \_iva\_. \_Yew\_ seems to be quite a modern form; in the old vocabularies the word is variously spelt iw, ewe,[328:1] eugh-tre,[328:2] haw-tre, new-tre, ew, uhe, and iw.

The connection of the Yew with churchyards and funerals is noticed by Shakespeare in Nos. 1, 5, and 6, and its celebrated connection with English bow-making in No. 3, where "double-fatal" may probably refer to its noxious qualities when living and its use for deadly weapons afterwards. These noxious qualities, joined to its dismal colour, and to its constant use in churchyards, caused it to enter into the supposed charms and incantations of the quacks of the Middle Ages. Yet Gerard entirely denies its noxious qualities: "They say that the fruit thereof being eaten is not onely dangerous and deadly unto man, but if birds do eat thereof it causeth them to cast their feathers and many times to die--all which I dare boldly affirme is altogether untrue; for when I was yong and went to schoole, divers of my schoolfellowes, and likewise my selfe, did eat our fils of the berries of this tree, and have not only slept under the shadow thereof, but among the branches also, without any hurt at all, and that not at one time but many times." Browne says the same in his "Vulgar Errors:" "That Yew and the berries thereof are harmlesse, we know" (book ii. c. 7). There is no doubt that the Yew berries are almost if not quite harmless,[328:3] and I find them forming an element in an Anglo-Saxon recipe, which may be worth quoting as an example of the medicines to which our forefathers submitted. It is given in a Leech Book of the tenth century or earlier, and is thus translated by Cockayne: "If a man is in the water elf disease, then are the nails of his hand livid, and the eyes tearful, and he will look

downwards. Give him this for a leechdom: Everthroat, cassuck, the netherward part of fane, a yew berry, lupin, helenium, a head of marsh mallow, fen, mint, dill, lily, attorlothe, pulegium, marrubium, dock, elder, fel terræ, wormwood, strawberry leaves, consolida; pour them over with ale, add holy water, sing this charm over them thrice [here follow some long charms which I need not extract]; these charms a man may sing over a wound" ("Leech Book," iii. 63).

I need say little of the uses of the Yew wood in furniture, nor of the many grand specimens of the tree which are scattered throughout the churchyards of England, except to say that "the origin of planting Yew trees in churchyards is still a subject of considerable perplexity. As the Yew was of such great importance in war and field sports before the use of gunpowder was known, perhaps the parsons of parishes were required to see that the churchyard was capable of supplying bows to the males of each parish of proper age; but in this case we should scarcely have been left without some evidence on the matter. Others again state that the trees in question were intended solely to furnish branches for use on Palm Sunday"[329:1] (\_see\_ PALM, p. 195), "while many suppose that the Yew was naturally selected for planting around churches on account of its emblematic character, as expressive of the solemnity of death, while, from its perennial verdure and long duration, it might be regarded as a pattern of immortality."--\_Penny Magazine\_, 1843.

A good list of the largest and oldest Yews in England will be found in Loudon's "Arboretum."

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The "dismal Yew" concludes the list of Shakespeare's plants and the first part of my proposed subject; and while I hope that those readers who may have gone with me so far have met with some things to interest them, I hope also they will agree with me that gardening and the love of flowers is not altogether the modern accomplishment that many of our gardeners now fancy it to be. Here are two hundred names of plants in one writer, and that writer not at all writing on horticulture, but only mentioning plants and flowers in the most incidental manner as they happened naturally to fall in his way. I should doubt if there is any similar instance in any modern English writer, and feel very sure that there is no such instance in any modern English dramatist. It shows how familiar gardens and flowers were to Shakespeare, and that he must have had frequent opportunities for observing his favourites (for most surely he was fond of flowers), not only in their wild and native homes, but in the gardens of farmhouses and parsonages, country houses, and noblemen's stately pleasaunces. The quotations that I have been able to make from the early writers in the ninth and tenth centuries, down to gossiping old Gerard, the learned Lord Chancellor Bacon, and that excellent old gardiner Parkinson, all show the same thing, that the love of flowers is no new thing in England, still less a foreign fashion, but that it is

innate in us, a real instinct, that showed itself as strongly in our forefathers as in ourselves; and when we find that such men as Shakespeare and Lord Bacon (to mention no others) were almost proud to show their knowledge of plants and love of flowers, we can say that such love and knowledge is thoroughly manly and English.

In the inquiry into Shakespeare's plants I have entered somewhat largely into the etymological history of the names. I have been tempted into this by the personal interest I feel in the history of plant names, and I hope it may not have been uninteresting to my readers; but I do not think this part of the subject could have been passed by, for I agree with Johnston: "That there is more interest and as much utility in settling the nomenclature of our pastoral bards as that of all herbalists and dry-as-dust botanists" ("Botany of the Eastern Border"). I have also at times entered into the botany and physiology of the plants; this may have seemed needless to some, but I have thought that such notices were often necessary to the right understanding of the plants named, and again I shelter myself under the authority of a favourite old author: "Consider (gentle readers) what shiftes he shall be put unto, and how rawe he must needs be in explanation of metaphors, resemblances, and comparisons, that is ignorant of the nature of herbs and plants from whence their similitudes be taken, for the inlightening and garnishing of sentences."--NEWTON'S *\_Herball for the Bible\_*.

I have said that my subject naturally divides itself into two parts, first, The Plants and Flowers named by Shakespeare; second, His Knowledge of Gardens and Gardening. The first part is now concluded, and I go to the second part, which will be very much shorter, and which may be entitled "The Garden-craft of Shakespeare."

#### FOOTNOTES:

[327:1] The reading of the folio is "young tree," for "Yew tree."

[328:1]

"An Eu tre (Ewetre); taxus, taximus."--*\_Catholicon Anglicum\_*.

[328:2]

"The eugh obedient to the bender's will."--SPENSER, *\_F. Q.\_*, i. 9.

"So far as eughen bow a shaft may send."--*\_F. Q.\_*, ii. 11-19.

[328:3] There are, however, well-recorded instances of death from Yew berries. The poisonous quality, such as it is, resides in the hard seed, and not in the red mucilaginous skin, which is the part eaten by

children. (\_See\_ HEBENON.)

[329:1] "For eucheson we have non Olyfe that bereth grene leves we takon in stede of hit Hew and Palmes wyth, and beroth abowte in procession and so this day we callyn palme sonnenday."--\_Sermon for "Dominica in ramis palmarum," Cotton MSS.\_

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**Y** entries from Project Gutenberg's *The Nuttall Encyclopaedia*, by Edited by Rev. James Wood

YABLONOI MOUNTAINS, a range of mountains which extend NE. from the Altai chain, and run S. of Lake Baikal, near the frontier of China, dividing the basin of the Amur from that of the Lena.

YACU-MAMA, a fabulous marine monster, said to haunt the lagoons of the Amazon, and to suck into its mouth and swallow whatever comes within a hundred yards of it; before bathing in a lagoon, where he apprehends its presence, the Indian sounds a horn, the effect of which is to make it reveal itself if it is there.

YAHOO, name of a race of brutes, subject to the Houyhnhnms (q. v.), in "Gulliver's Travels," with the form and all the vices of men.

YAJUR-VEDA, one of the books of the VEDAS (q. v.), containing the prescribed formulæ in connection with sacrifices.

YAKSHA, a species of gnome in the Hindoo mythology.

YAKUTSK (5), a capital town in East Siberia, on a branch of the Lena; occupied chiefly by traders in furs, hides, &c.; is said to be the coldest town in the world.

YALE UNIVERSITY, a well-equipped university at New Haven, Connecticut, U.S., founded in 1701, which derives its name from Elihu Yale, a Boston man, and which was given to it in recognition of his benefactions; it occupies a square in the heart of the city, has a staff of 70 professors, besides tutors and lecturers, also 1200 students, and a library of 200,000 volumes; the faculties include arts, medicine, law, theology, fine arts, and music, while the course of study extends over

four years.

YAMA, in the Hindu mythology "a solar hero who rules over the dead; might have lived as an immortal, but chose to die; was the first to traverse the road from which there is no return, tracing it for future generations; in the remotest extremity of the heavens, the abode of light and the eternal waters, he reigns in peace and in union with VARUNA (q. v.); there by the sound of his flute, under the branches of the mythic tree, he assembles around him the dead who have lived nobly, they reach him in a crowd, convoyed by AGNI (q. v.), grimly scanned as they pass by two monstrous dogs that are the guardians of the road."

YANKEE, slang name for a New Englander; applied in England to the citizens of the United States generally; it is of uncertain derivation.

YAPURA, an affluent of the Amazon, which rises in Columbia; has a course of 1750 m., and is navigable to steamers for 970 m.

YARKAND (60), the capital or chief city of Eastern Turkestan, 100 m. SE. of Kashgar; is in the centre of a very fertile district of the vast continental basin of Central Asia, abounding also in large stores of mineral wealth; it is a great emporium of trade, and the inhabitants are mostly Mohammedans.

YARMOUTH (49), a seaport, fishing town, and watering-place of Norfolk, 20½ m. E. of Norwich and some 2 m. above the mouth of the Yare; is the principal seat of the English herring fishery, and is famous for its herrings, known as bloaters; it has a fine roadstead called Yarmouth Roads, a safe anchorage for ships, being protected by sandbanks; has a number of public buildings, in particular a parish church, one of the largest in England, and a fine marine parade.

YARRELL, WILLIAM, naturalist, born at Westminster; wrote "History of British Fishes" and "History of British Birds" (1784-1856).

YARROW, a famous Scottish stream which rises on the confines of the shires of Peebles, Dumfries, and Selkirk, passes NE. through the Loch of the Lowes and St. Mary's Loch, and joins the Ettrick 2 m. above Selkirk after a course of 25 m.



YATES, EDMUND, journalist, founded \_The World\_ newspaper; wrote a supremely interesting "Autobiography" (1831-1894).

YELLOW SEA, or WHANG-HAI, an inlet of the Pacific, on the NE. coast of China, bounded on the E. by the Corea, including in the NW. the Gulf of Pechili, some 600 m. long, and its average breadth 300 m.; is very shallow, and gradually silting up owing to the quantity of alluvium brought down by the rivers which fall into it.

YELLOWSTONE, THE, a river which rises in the NW. of WYOMING (q. v.), and falls into the Missouri as one of its chief tributaries after a course of 1300 m.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, a high-lying tract of land in the State of WYOMING (q. v.) traversed by the Yellowstone, about the size of Kent, being a square about 75 m. in diameter; is set apart by Congress as a great pleasure ground in perpetuity for the enjoyment of the people; it abounds in springs and geysers, and care is taken that it be preserved for the public benefit, to the exclusion of all private right or liberty.

YEMEN (3,000), a province in the SW. of Arabia, bounded on the N. by Hedjaz, bordering on the Red Sea, and forming the Arabia Felix of the ancients; about 400 m. in length and 150 m. in breadth; it is a highly fertile region, and yields tropical and sub-tropical fruits, in particular coffee, dates, gums, spices, and wheat.

YEOMEN OF THE GUARD, a body of old soldiers of soldierly presence, employed on ceremonial occasions in conjunction with the gentlemen-at-arms, as the bodyguard of the British sovereign; they were constituted in 1485, and number besides officers 100 men; the Beef-eaters, as they are called, are the wardens of the Tower, and are a different corps.

YEOVIL (9), a town in Somerset, 4 m. S. of Bristol, is in the centre of an agricultural district, and the staple industry is glove-making.

YETHOLM, a village of Roxburghshire, 7 m. SE. of Kelso; consists of two parts, Town Yetholm and Kirk Yetholm, the latter of which has for two centuries been the head-quarters of the gypsies in Scotland.

YEZD (40), a town in an oasis, surrounded by a desert, in the centre

of Persia, 230 m. SE. of Ispahân; a place of commercial importance; carries on miscellaneous manufactures.

YEZIDEES, a small nation bordering on the Euphrates, whose religion is a mixture of devil worship and Ideas derived from the Magi, the Mohammedans, and the Christians.

YEZO or YESSO, the northernmost of the four large islands of Japan, is about as large as Ireland; is traversed from N. to S. by rugged mountains, several of them active volcanoes; is rich in minerals, and particularly coal; its rivers swarm with salmon, but the climate is severe, and it is only partially settled.

YIDDISH, a kind of mongrel language spoken by foreign Jews in England.

YMIR, a giant in the Norse mythology, slain by the gods, and out of whose carcass they constructed the world, his blood making the sea, his flesh the land, his bones the rocks, his eyebrows Asgard, the dwelling-place of the gods, his skull the vault of the firmament, and his brains the clouds.

YNIOL, an earl of Arthurian legend, the father of Enid, who was ousted from his earldom by his nephew the "Sparrow-Hawk," but who, when overthrown, was compelled to restore it to him.

YOGA, in the Hindu philosophy a state of soul, emancipation from this life and of union with the divine, achieved by a life of asceticism and devout meditation; or the system of instruction or discipline by which it is achieved.

YOGIN, among the Hindus one who has achieved his yoga, over whom nothing perishable has any longer power, for whom the laws of nature no longer exist, who is emancipated from this life, so that death even will add nothing to his bliss, it being his final deliverance or Nirvâna, as the Buddhists would say.

YOKOHAMA (130), principal port of entry of Japan, 18 m. SW. of Tokyo (q. v.), situated in a spacious bay, the centre of trade with the West and the head-quarters of foreign trade generally; foreigners are numerous, and the exports include silk, tea, cotton, flax, tobacco, &c.

YOKUBA (150), the largest town in Sokoto, in the Lower Soudan, with a large trade in cotton, tobacco, and indigo.

YONGE, CHARLOTTE MARY, popular novelist, born at Otterbourne, Hants; has written "Cameos of History of England," "Landmarks of History," &c.; has edited the \_Monthly Packet\_ for 30 years; \_b\_. 1823.

YONI, a Hindu symbol of the female principle in nature, and as such an object of worship. See LINGA.

YONKERS (48), a city of New York, U.S., on the Hudson River. 15 m. N. of New York; has factories of various kinds, and some beautiful villas occupied by New York merchants.

YONNE (344), a department of the NE. of France, watered by the Yonne, a tributary of the Seine, with forests and vineyards which yield large quantities of wine.

YORICK, a jester at the court of Denmark, whose skull Hamlet apostrophises in the churchyard; also a sinister jester in "Tristram Shandy."

YORKSHIRE (3,208), the largest county in England, is divided into three Ridings (i. e. thirdings or thirds) for administrative purposes, North, East, and West, with a fourth called the Ainsty, under the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor and aldermen of York; of these the West is the wealthiest and the most populous; contains a large coal-field, and is the centre of the woollen manufacture of the county; the East being mainly agricultural, with iron-works and shipbuilding-works; and the North mainly pastoral, with industries connected with mining and shipping. LEEDS (q. v.) is the largest town.

YORKTOWN, a small town in Virginia, U.S., on the York River, where Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Washington in 1781.

YOSEMITE VALLEY, the most remarkable gorge in the world, in the centre of California, 140 m. E. of San Francisco, 6 m. long and from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 24 m. broad, girt by perpendicular walls thousands of feet deep and traversed by the river Merced in a succession of falls of great height, the whole presenting a scene of mingled grandeur and beauty; it was discovered in 1851, and steps are being taken by Congress to preserve it

as a place of public resort and recreation.

YOUNG, EDWARD, poet, born in Hampshire, educated at Westminster School; studied at Corpus Christi, Oxford, and obtained a Fellowship at All-Souls' College; wrote plays and satires, but is best known to fame as the author of "Night Thoughts," which has been pronounced "his best work and his last good work," a poem which was once in high repute, and is less, if at all, in favour to-day, being written in a mood which is a strain upon the reader; it is "a little too declamatory," says Professor Saintsbury, "a little too suggestive of soliloquies in an inky cloak, with footlights in front"; his "Revenge," acted in 1721, is pronounced by the professor to be "perhaps the very last example of an acting tragedy of real literary merit"; his satires in the "Love of Fame; or, The Universal Passion," almost equalled those of Pope, and brought him both fame and fortune; he took holy orders in 1727, and became in 1730 rector of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire; his flattery of his patrons was fulsome, and too suggestive of the toady (1681-1765).

YOUNG, JAMES, practical chemist, born in Glasgow; discovered cheap methods of producing certain substances of value in the chemical arts, and made experiments which led to the manufacture of paraffin (1811-1889).

YOUNG, ROBERT, a notorious impostor; forged certificates, and obtained deacons' orders and curacies, and could by no penalty be persuaded to an honest life, and was hanged in the end for coining in 1700.

YOUNG, THOMAS, physicist, born in Somersetshire, of Quaker parents; studied medicine at home and abroad; renounced Quakerism, and began practice in London in 1800; was next year appointed professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution, 1802; made Secretary of the Royal Society, and was afterwards nominated for other important appointments; his principal work is a "Course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy and the Mechanical Arts," published in 1807, in which he propounded the undulatory theory of light, and the principle of the interference of rays; the hieroglyphic inscriptions of Egypt occupied much of his attention, and he is credited with having anticipated Champollion in discovering the key to them (1773-1829).

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, an association founded in London in 1844, for the benefit of young men connected with various dry-goods houses in the city, and which extended itself over the other particularly large cities throughout the country, so that now it is located in 1249 centres, and numbers in London alone some 14,000 members; its object is

the welfare of young men at once spiritually, morally, socially, and physically.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR, a society established in 1881 by Dr. F. E. Clark, Portland, Maine, U.S., in 1898; has a membership of three and a quarter million; it is undenominational, but evangelical apparently, and its professed object is "to promote an earnest Christian life among its members, to increase their mutual acquaintanceship, and to make them more useful in the service of God."

YOUNGSTOWN (45), a town in Ohio, U.S., with large iron factories; is in the heart of a district rich in iron and coal.

YPRES (16), an old Belgian town in West Flanders, 30 m. SW. of Bruges; was at one time a great weaving centre, and famous for its diaper linen; has much fallen off, though it retains a town-hall and a cathedral, both of Gothic architecture in evidence of what it once was; it was strongly fortified once, and has been subjected to many sieges; the manufacture of thread and lace is now the most important industry.

YTTRIUM, a rare metal always found in combination with others, and is a blackish-gray powder; the oxide of it, yttria, is a soft whitish powder, and when ignited glows with a pure white light.

YUCATAN, a peninsula in Central America dividing the Gulf of Mexico from the Caribbean Sea, and one of the few peninsulas of the world that extend northwards; is a flat expanse; has a good climate and a fertile soil, yielding maize, rice, tobacco, indigo, &c.; abounds in forests of valuable wood; forms one of the States of the Mexican Republic; it bears traces of early civilisation in the ruins of temples and other edifices.

YUGA, a name given by the Hindus to the four ages of the world, and, according to M. Barth, of the gradual triumph of evil, as well as of the successive creations and destructions of the universe, following each other in the lapse of immense periods of time.

YUKON, a great river of Alaska, rises in British territory, and after a course of 2000 m. falls, by a number of mouths forming a delta, into the Behring Sea; it is navigable nearly throughout, and its waters swarm with salmon three months in the year, some of them from 80 to 120 lbs. weight, and from 5 to 6 ft. long.

YULE, the old name for the festival of Christmas, originally a heathen one, observed at the winter solstice in joyous recognition of the return northward of the sun at that period, being a relic in the N. of the old sun worship.

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## AMONG THE RUINS OF YUCATAN.

JOHN L. STEPHENS.

Project Gutenberg's *With the World's Great Travellers, Volume 2* by Various

*[The Egypt of America, as one may fairly call the Maya region of Yucatan, was first brought prominently into notice by John L. Stephens, who did yeoman service in exploring the massive monuments of a past civilization there scattered, and in describing and picturing their remarkable details. Since his period many travellers have visited and studied these vast remains and described them in abundant detail. But Stephens visited that region as a discoverer, and from his works we select a description of the difficulties under which he labored in his interesting work of exploration at Copan. He had taken quarters in a hut near the ruins, and returned to his former quarters for his luggage. The homeward journey was accomplished under stress of opposing circumstances.]*

In the mean time it began to rain; and, settling my accounts with the señora, thanking her for her kindness, leaving an order to have some bread baked for the next day, and taking with me an umbrella and a blue bag, contents unknown, belonging to Mr. Catherwood, which he had particularly requested me to bring, I set out on my return. Augustin followed, with a tin teapot and some other articles for immediate use. Entering the woods, the umbrella struck against the branches of the trees and frightened the mule; and, while I was endeavoring to close it, she fairly ran away with me. Having only a halter, I could not hold her, and, knocking me against the branches, she ran through the woods, splashed into the river, missing the fording-place, and never stopped till she was breast-deep. The river was swollen and angry, and the rain pouring down. Rapids were forming a short distance below. In the effort to restrain her I lost Mr. Catherwood's blue bag, caught at it with the handle of the umbrella, and would have saved it if the beast had stood still; but as it floated under her nose she snorted and started back. I broke the umbrella in driving her across, and, just as I touched the shore, saw the bag floating towards the rapids, and Augustin, with his clothes in one hand and the teapot in the other, both above his head, steering down the river after it. Supposing it to contain some indispensable drawing-materials, I dashed among the thickets on the

bank, in the hope of intercepting it, but became entangled among branches and vines.

I dismounted and tied my mule, and was two or three minutes working my way to the river, where I saw Augustin's clothes and the teapot, but nothing of him, and, with the rapids roaring below, had horrible apprehensions. It was impossible to continue along the bank; so, with a violent effort, I jumped across a rapid channel to a ragged island of sand covered with scrub-bushes, and, running down to the end of it, saw the whole face of the river and the rapids, but nothing of Augustin. I shouted with all my strength, and, to my inexpressible relief, heard an answer, but, in the noise of the rapids, very faint; presently he appeared in the water, working himself round a point and hauling upon the bushes. Relieved about him, I now found myself in a quandary. The jump back was to higher ground, the stream a torrent, and, the excitement over, I was afraid to attempt it. It would have been exceedingly inconvenient for me if Augustin had been drowned. Making his way through the bushes and down to the bank opposite with his dripping body, he stretched a pole across the stream, by springing upon which I touched the edge of the opposite bank, slipped, but hauled myself up by the bushes with the aid of a lift from Augustin.

All this time it was raining very hard, and now I had forgotten where I tied my mule. We were several minutes looking for her, and, wishing everything but good luck to the old bag, I mounted. Augustin, principally because he could carry them more conveniently on his back, put on his clothes.

[Reaching a village, he took shelter till the rain abated, but it began worse than ever after he again took to the road.]

I rode on some distance, and again lost my way. It was necessary to enter the woods on the right. I had come out by a foot-path which I had not noticed particularly. There were cattle-paths in every direction, and within the line of a mile I kept going in and out, without hitting the right one. Several times I saw the print of Augustin's feet, but soon lost them in puddles of water, and they only confused me more; at length I came to a complete standstill. It was nearly dark; I did not know which way to turn; and as Mr. Henry Pelham did when in danger of drowning in one of the gutters of Paris, I stood still and halloed. To my great joy, I was answered by a roar from Augustin, who had been lost longer than I, and was even in greater tribulation. He had the teapot in his hand, the stump of an unlighted cigar in his mouth, was plastered with mud from his head to his heels, and altogether a most distressful object.

We compared notes, and, selecting a path, shouting as we went, our united voices were answered by barking dogs and Mr. Catherwood, who, alarmed at our absence, and apprehending what had happened, was coming

out with Don Miguel to look for us. I had no change of clothes, and therefore stripped and rolled myself in a blanket, in the style of a North American Indian. All the evening peals of thunder crashed over our heads, lightning illuminated the dark forest and flashed through the open hut, the rain fell in torrents, and Don Miguel said that there was a prospect of being cut off for several days from all communication with the opposite side of the river and from our luggage. Nevertheless, we passed the evening with great satisfaction, smoking cigars of Copan tobacco, the most famed in Central America, of Don Miguel's own growing and his wife's own making....

At daylight the clouds still hung over the forest; as the sun rose they cleared away; our workmen made their appearance, and at nine o'clock we left the hut. The branches of the trees were dripping wet, and the ground was very muddy. Trudging once more over the district which contained the principal monuments, we were startled by the immensity of the work before us, and very soon concluded that to explore the whole extent would be impossible. Our guides knew only of this district; but having seen columns beyond the village, a league distant, we had reason to believe that others were strewn in different directions, completely buried in the woods and entirely unknown. The woods were so dense that it was almost hopeless to think of penetrating them. The only way to make a thorough exploration would be to cut down the whole forest and burn the trees. This was incompatible with our immediate purposes, might be considered taking liberties, and could only be done in the dry season.

After deliberation we resolved first to obtain drawings of the sculptured columns. Even in this there was great difficulty. The designs were very complicated, and so different from anything Mr. Catherwood had ever seen before as to be perfectly unintelligible. The cutting was in very high relief, and required a strong body of light to bring up the figures, and the foliage was so thick and the shade so deep that drawing was impossible.

After much consultation we selected one of the "idols," and determined to cut down the trees around it, and thus lay it open to the rays of the sun. Here again was difficulty. There was no axe, and the only instrument which the Indians possessed was the machete, or chopping-knife, which varies in form in different sections of the country. Wielded with one hand, it was useful in clearing away shrubs and branches, but almost harmless upon large trees; and the Indians, as in the days when the Spaniards discovered them, applied to work without ardor, carried it on with little activity, and, like children, were easily diverted from it. One hacked into a tree, and when tired, which happened very soon, sat down to rest, and another relieved him. While one worked there were always several looking on. I remembered the ring of the woodman's axe in the forest at home, and wished for a few long-sided Green Mountain boys.



But we had been buffeted into patience, and watched the Indians while they hacked with their machetes, and even wondered that they succeeded so well. At length the trees were felled and dragged aside, a space cleared around the base, Mr. C.'s frame set up, and he set to work. I took two Mestizoes, Bruno and Francisco, and, offering them a reward for every new discovery, with a compass in my hand set out on a tour of exploration. Neither had seen "the idols" until the morning of our first visit, when they followed in our train to laugh at los Ingleses; but very soon they exhibited such an interest that I hired them. Bruno attracted my attention by his admiration, as I supposed, of my person; but I found it was of my coat, which was a long shooting-frock, with many pockets, and he said that he could make one just like it except the skirts. He was a tailor by profession, and in the intervals of a great job upon a roundabout jacket worked with his machete. But he had an inborn taste for the arts. As we passed through the woods nothing escaped his eye, and he was professionally curious touching the costumes of the sculptured figures. I was struck with the first development of their antiquarian taste. Francisco found the feet and legs of a statue, and Bruno a part of the body to match, and the effect was electric upon both. They searched and raked up the ground with their machetes till they found the shoulders, and set it up entire except the head; and they were both eager for the possession of instruments with which to dig and find this remaining fragment.

It is impossible to describe the interest with which I explored these ruins. The ground was entirely new; there were no guide-books or guides; the whole was a virgin soil. We could not see ten yards before us, and never knew what we should stumble upon next. At one time we stopped to cut away branches and vines which concealed the face of a monument, and then to dig round and bring to light a fragment, a sculptured corner of which protruded from the earth. I leaned over with breathless anxiety while the Indians worked, and an eye, an ear, a foot, or a hand was disinterred; and when the machete rang against the chiselled stone, I pushed the Indians away and cleared out the loose earth with my hands. The beauty of the sculpture, the solemn stillness of the woods, disturbed only by the scrambling of monkeys and the chattering of parrots, the desolation of the city, and the mystery that hung over it, all created an interest higher, if possible, than I had ever felt among the ruins of the Old World. After several hours' absence I returned to Mr. Catherwood, and reported upward of fifty objects to be copied.

I found him not so well pleased as I expected with my report. He was standing with his feet in the mud, and was drawing with his gloves on, to protect his hands from the mosquitoes. As we feared, the designs were so intricate and complicated, the subjects so entirely new and unintelligible, that he had great difficulty in drawing. He had made several attempts, both with the camera lucida and without, but failed to satisfy himself or even me, who was less severe in criticism. The "idol"

seemed to defy his art; two monkeys on a tree on one side appeared to be laughing at him, and I felt discouraged and despondent. In fact, I made up my mind, with a pang of regret, that we must abandon the idea of carrying away any materials for antiquarian speculation, and must be content with having seen them ourselves. Of that satisfaction nothing could deprive us. We returned to the hut with our interest undiminished, but sadly out of heart as to the result of our labors.

[Meanwhile, the blue bag which had caused so much trouble was recovered, under the incitement of a dollar reward. It was found to contain a pair of old, but water-proof, boots, whose recovery cheered Mr. Catherwood's heart, enabling him the next day to defy the wet mud.]

That day Mr. Catherwood was much more successful in his drawings; indeed, at the beginning the light fell exactly as he wished, and he mastered the difficulty. His preparations, too, were much more comfortable, as he had his water-proofs, and stood on a piece of oiled canvas used for covering luggage on the road. I passed the morning in selecting another monument, clearing away the trees, and preparing it for him to copy. At one o'clock Augustin came to call us to dinner. Don Miguel had a patch of beans, from which Augustin gathered as many as he pleased, and, with the fruits of a standing order for all the eggs in the village, being three or four a day, strings of beef, and bread and milk from the hacienda, we did very well. In the afternoon we were again called off by Augustin, with the message that the alcalde had come to pay us a visit. As it was growing late, we broke up for the day, and went back to the hut. We shook hands with the alcalde, and gave him and his attendants cigars, and were disposed to be sociable; but the dignitary was so tipsy he could hardly speak. His attendants sat crouching on the ground, swinging themselves on their knee-joints, and, though the positions were different, reminding us of the Arabs. In a few minutes the alcalde started up suddenly, made a staggering bow, and left us.

[Yet trouble was brewing for them. They had made an enemy of the great man of the district, and he stirred up the people to hostility. The annoyance grew so great that Stephens found it necessary to take some steps to restore amity.]

Mr. Catherwood went to the ruins to continue his drawings, and I to the village, taking Augustin with me to fire the Balize guns, and buy up eatables for a little more than they were worth. My first visit was to Don José Maria. After clearing up our character, I broached the subject of a purchase of the ruins; told him that, on account of my public business, I could not remain as long as I desired, but wished to return with spades, pickaxes, ladders, crowbars, and men, build a hut to live in, and make a thorough exploration; that I could not incur the expense at the risk of being refused permission to do so; and, in short, in

plain English, asked him, "What will you take for the ruins?" I think he was not more surprised than if I had asked him to buy his poor old wife, our rheumatic patient, to practise medicine upon. He seemed to doubt which of us was out of his senses. The property was so utterly worthless that my wanting to buy it seemed very suspicious. On examining the paper, I found that he did not own the fee, but held under a lease from Don Bernardo de Aguila, of which three years were unexpired. The tract consisted of about six thousand acres, for which he paid eighty dollars a year; he was at a loss what to do, but told me that he would reflect upon it, consult his wife, and give me an answer at the hut the next day.

I then visited the alcalde, but he was too tipsy to be susceptible of any impression; prescribed for several patients; and instead of going to Don Gregorio's sent him a polite request by Don José Maria to mind his own business and let us alone; returned and passed the rest of the day among the ruins. It rained during the night, but again cleared off in the morning, and we were on the ground early. My business was to go around with the workmen to clear away trees and bushes, dig, and excavate, and prepare monuments for Mr. Catherwood to copy. While so engaged, I was called off by a visit from Don José Maria, who was still undecided what to do; and not wishing to appear too anxious, told him to take more time, and come again the next morning.

The next morning he came, and his condition was truly pitiable. He was anxious to convert unproductive property into money, but afraid, and said that I was a stranger, and it might bring him into difficulty with the government. I again went into proof of character, and engaged to save him harmless with the government, or release him. Don Miguel read my letters of recommendation, and re-read the letter of General Cascara. He was convinced, but these papers did not give him a right to sell his land; the shade of suspicion still lingered; for a finale, I opened my trunk, put on a diplomatic coat, with a profusion of large eagle buttons. I had on a Panama hat, soaked with rain and spotted with mud, a check shirt, white pantaloons, yellow up to the knees with mud, and was about as outré as the negro king who received a company of British officers on the coast of Africa in a cocked hat and military coat, without any inexpressibles; but Don José Maria could not withstand the buttons on my coat; the cloth was the finest he had ever seen; and Don Miguel, and his wife, and Bartale realized fully that they had in their hut an illustrious incognito. The only question was who should find paper on which to draw the contract. I did not stand upon trifles, and gave Don Miguel some paper, who took our mutual instructions, and appointed the next day for the execution of the deed.

The reader is perhaps curious to know how old cities sell in Central America. Like other articles of trade, they are regulated by the quantity in market and the demand; but, not being staple articles, like cotton and indigo, they were held at fancy prices, and at that time

were dull of sale. I paid fifty dollars for Copan. There was never any difficulty about price. I offered that sum, for which Don José Maria thought me only a fool; if I had offered more, he would probably have considered me something worse.

We had regular communications with the hacienda by means of Francisco, who brought thence every morning a large waccal of milk, carrying it a distance of three miles and fording the river twice. The ladies of the hacienda had sent us word they intended paying us a visit, and this morning Don Gregorio's wife appeared, leading a procession of all the women of the house, servants, and children, with two of her sons. We received them among the ruins, seated them as well as we could, and, as the first act of civility, gave them cigars all around. It can hardly be believed, but not one of them, not even Don Gregorio's sons, had ever seen the "idols" before, and now they were much more curious to see Mr. C.'s drawings. In fact, I believe it was the fame of these drawings that procured us the honor of the visit. In his heart, Mr. C. was not much happier to see them than the old Don was to see us, as his work was stopped, and every day was precious. As I considered myself in a manner the proprietor of the city, I was bound to do the honors; and, to the distress of Mr. C., brought them all back upon him.

Obliged to give up work, we invited them down to the hut to see our accommodations; some of them were our patients and reminded us we had not sent the medicines we promised. The fact is, we avoided giving medicines when we could, among other reasons, from an apprehension that if any one happened to die on our hands we should be held responsible; but our reputation was established; honors were buckled on our backs and we were obliged to wear them. These ladies, in spite of Don Gregorio's crustiness, had always treated us kindly, and we would fain have shown our sense of it in some other mode than by giving them physic; but to gratify them in their own way, we distributed among them powders and pills, with written directions for use; and when they went away escorted them some distance, and had the satisfaction of hearing that they avenged us on Don Gregorio by praises of our gallantry and attentions.

[As regards the wonderful discoveries which Mr. Stephens made in his low-priced city, the story is much too extensive to be given here, and those who would know more about these remarkable ruins must refer to his "Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan," which will be found abundantly worth perusal.]

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## **DOWN THE YARE. NORWICH TO REEDHAM.**

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *The Handbook to the Rivers and Broads of Norfolk & Suffolk*, by G. Christopher Davies

[Picture: Decorative drop capital] “Do you mean to say,” said Wynne, “that these Broads are worth my giving up a few days to seeing them?”

“If you will give up a fortnight, I promise you that you will find it too short. You went to the Friesland Meres years ago, and enjoyed it. You will like these quite as well.”

[Picture: Pull's Ferry]

So he promised to come for a fortnight, rather reluctantly, and when, on his arrival in Norwich, he took a preliminary canter by rail to Yarmouth, he refused to say anything about what he thought of the country, which looked ominous. We had hired a ten-ton cutter, and she was lying at Thorpe, a mile and a half below the city. The man we had engaged rowed the jolly-boat up for us, and as Wynne was enthusiastic about old buildings, we rowed him up the river to the New Mills, a very old mill, which spans the river Wensum near its entrance into the city. From thence we came back along the narrow sinuous river, overhung with buildings, many of them ancient and picturesque, under numerous bridges, wharves where wherries were loading or unloading, using the half-lowered mast as cranes, past the Boom Tower, still keeping watch and ward over the river; quaint Bishops' Bridge; Pull's Ferry, where there is a ruined water gate, often sketched and photographed; past the railway station, into the reach parallel with King Street, where gables, and archways, and courts delight the painter. Here, on the left bank, is another Boom Tower, built of flint, the universal building-stone of Norfolk, faced by another tower on the opposite bank, whence runs a fine piece of the old city wall up the hill to another and larger tower, in better preservation, on the summit. Then we next passed the very extensive works of Messrs. J. and J. Colman, and below them innumerable stacks of choice wood, out of which the boxes to contain the mustard, etc., are made.

[Picture: Bishop's Bridge]

[Picture: Boom Tower]

“You speak of this as the Wensum,” said Wynne; “I thought it was the Yare.”

“This river is the Wensum, but this smaller stream coming in on the right is the true Yare, and from this point the united river takes the name of the Yare. This spot is called Trowse Hythe, and half a mile up it, where there is a mill, was once a famous spot for smelts, where they were

caught by large casting nets, used at night by torch-light, but the town sewage has effectually spoiled the smelting. The pool below the New Mills was also a place where the smelts were caught in large numbers, but it is not so good now."

[Picture: Thorpe Gardens]

Presently we came to Thorpe, where a bend of the river has been cut off by two railway bridges, and a straight new cut made for the navigation. We took the old river, and Wynne was charmed with the view which then unfolded itself. The long curve of the river was lined on the outer bank by picturesque houses, with gardens leading to the water's edge, while behind them rose a well-wooded bank. In the autumn of 1879 this reach was found to be swarming with pike, and it speedily swarmed with anglers, who had generally good sport until, apparently, all the pike were caught. At intervals since, there have been similar immigrations of pike to this reach when tides unusually high or salt drive the fish up from the lower reaches. At the lower end of the reach is a favourite resort on summer evenings, a waterside inn, known as Thorpe Gardens, where we pulled up. Here there are also boat-letting stations, where cruising yachts can be hired.

Just through the bridge, {29} we joined the main river again, and noticed several yachts moored against the bank, amongst which was ours.

Wynne stepped on board, curious to inspect a Norfolk yacht, and he freely commented on her enormous counter, short keel, great open well, and tall pole-mast. In a short time we stowed all our belongings, and set sail—mainsail, jib, and topsail—the spread of canvas rather startling Wynne, who had only been used to sea yachts. There was a light north-westerly wind, and we glided swiftly away before it. But ere we had sailed a couple of hundred yards, Wynne insisted on our stopping to sketch the White House, at Whitlingham, which, with the trees on the hill, the wood-shaded reach of river, and the huge brown sails of the wherries, formed a picture we might well wish to carry away. Wynne often stopped in this way, to the intense disgust of our man, who liked to make his passages quickly, and had no sympathy with artistic amusements.

The dyke leading out of the river by the White House is a regular harbour for pike, which is continually restocked from the river. It is private property, but just at the mouth of the dyke, in the navigable river, is a good spot. At least three hundred pike were taken here last winter by Norwich artisans.

"What graceful craft these wherries, as you call them, are!" remarked Wynne, as he rapidly sketched the high-peaked sail of one which was slowly beating to windward or "turning," as the vernacular hath it, up the narrow river.

[Picture: A Norfolk Wherry] And he was quite right. There is not a line that is not graceful about a Norfolk wherry. She has a long low hull with a rising sheer to stem and stern, which are both pointed. She has a tall and massive mast supporting a single large sail which is without a boom, but has a very long gaff launching out boldly at an angle of forty-five degrees. The curve of the brown or black sail from the lofty peak to the sheet is on all points of sailing a curve of beauty. The wherries are trading crafts carrying from twenty to fifty tons of cargo. They are manned generally by one man, who sometimes has the aid of his wife or children. They are nearly as fast as yachts, sail closer to the wind, and are wonderfully handy. The mast is weighted at the keel with one or two tons of lead, and is so well balanced that a lad can lower or raise it with the greatest ease, when it is necessary to pass under a bridge. Wherries are the most conspicuous objects in a Norfolk broad landscape, and are in sight for miles, as they follow the winding courses of the rivers, often nothing but the sail visible above the green marsh.

Very many of these wherries have been converted into sailing house boats or pleasure barges, and so constitute most admirable floating homes for those who like cruising with greater comfort than small yachts can give.

It was an hour before we got under way again, and when, after sailing down the long straight reach by Whitlingham, we came in sight of the eminence known as Postwick Grove, Wynne wished to land in order that he might see the view from the top. The man burst into open grumbling, so we asked him if the trip were undertaken for his pleasure or ours, and on his reluctantly admitting that it was for ours, we told him it was our pleasure to do as we liked, and he resigned himself to his fate. The watermen on these rivers are very civil, but they look with disfavour upon anything which interferes with actual sailing.

Well, the view from Postwick was worth seeing. The curving reaches of the river, animated with yachts, wherries, and boats, lay beneath us, and the green marshes were bounded by the woods of Thorpe, Whitlingham, and Bramerton, while the ruined church of Whitlingham stood boldly on the brow of the opposite hill.

Under way again, we presently reached Bramerton, where the "Wood's End" public-house offers good cheer to the wherryman and boating-man.

The pleasure-steamers which run between Norwich and Yarmouth afford a quick but less pleasant way of seeing the river, and stop at Bramerton nearly every day in the week.

Now the higher ground falls away from the river on each side of us, and the belt of marshes widens, the river is higher than the surface of the land, and the water is lifted out of the many drains and dykes by means of turbine wheels, worked by the windmills which form such conspicuous objects in the landscape, and by more pretentious steam drainage mills.

[Picture: On the Yare, at Bramerton]

Surlingham Ferry, 6 miles by river from Norwich, next came into view. The house, with its picturesque gables, lies in the shadow of a group of fine trees. A horse and cart was being ferried across on the huge raft as we approached, and the chain was only just dropped in time for us to pass.

There is a good inn at the Ferry, with limited but comfortable staying accommodation; and excellent roach fishing is often obtainable. The shore above the Ferry on the same side is suitable for mooring yachts to, as there is a fair depth of water close to the bank.

"What numbers of boats there are with people fishing?" said Wynne. "Do they all catch anything?"

"Oh, yes, any quantity, as far as number goes, of roach, and bream, and some good fish too, but the larger fish are caught in the deeper water, lower down."

Coldham Hall is the next fishing station of importance. There is a good inn there, and plenty of boats for hire at a cheap rate. Fishing and other boats can also be obtained at Messrs. H. Flowers and Co.'s new boating station, where yachts can be moored and laid up. As the railway station (Brundall) is close to it, it is very convenient for anglers.

The mooring places at Brundall and Coldham Hall are not many, as the banks are very shoal. In the reach between Brundall and Coldham Hall only the middle third of the river is navigable for yachts; and the same may be said of the long reach below Coldham Hall. We could see half-a-dozen fishing boats under the lee of the point above the station. It seems a favourite place, for I never passed it without seeing fishermen there. But as the man had to sail the yacht round the great curve of the river, we took a short cut across Surlingham Broad in the jolly.

This Broad lies within a horse-shoe bend of the river, and has a navigable channel across it. It is not deep enough, however, for yachts or laden wherries. The Broad is largely affected by the tide, which sometimes leaves its shallows exposed. The river, as I should have said, is tidal up to Norwich, and the force of the tide increases with every deepening of Yarmouth Haven. We rowed up the dyke which leads on to the Broad, a small sheet of water, overgrown with weeds and very shallow, but a capital nursery for fish and fowl. The fishing upon it is preserved. Rowing across it, we entered another dyke, and emerged into the river again, and caught up the yacht.

[Picture: On Rockland Broad]



Snipe abound on the marshes here, and their drumming can always be heard in the early summer. The flat, far-reaching marshes glowed with a thousand tints of flower and grass, and the iris gleamed brightly in the lush margins of the river. We sailed quietly on, down the curving reaches of the widening river, watching the slow-seeming flight of the heron, the splash of fish, the bending reeds, and the occasional boat-loads of anglers, until we came to the mouth of a dyke, about a mile long, up which we again rowed in the jolly, to explore Rockland Broad, where the open water is much more extensive than at Surlingham. Here there are several eel-fishers' floating abodes, Noah's-ark-like structures, with nets and "liggers" dangling about them. The fishing and shooting on the Broad are, at present, open to all.

This Broad is also much affected by the tide, as, notwithstanding its distance from the river, there are numerous connecting dykes permitting easy flow and re-flow of water.

Back in the yacht again, we reached Buckenham Ferry (ten and a half miles), a favourite angling rendezvous, with a railway station of the same name close by. A long row of trees on the left bank is the cause of daily trouble to wherrymen and sailormen, as it shuts off the wind. The man who plants trees by the side of a navigable river, where the navigation depends upon the wind, is the very reverse of a benefactor to mankind, and only selfishness or thoughtlessness can permit such an act.

There is fair mooring for yachts just below the Inn, on the same side, but they must be kept well off the shore by poles, or as the tide ebbs they will strand and perhaps fall over. The Ferry Inn is noted for its comfort; and its limited staying accommodation is good. The fishing is very good both up and down the river, and there are good boats for hire for fishing purposes.

The river now becomes very wide and deep, and the shoals near the banks, which abound in the higher reaches, are not so frequent. I would call the especial attention of the river authorities to the disgraceful state of the river as far as Buckenham Ferry. Each year the shoals and weeds increase, and the channel narrows, until in some places not more than a third of the river-width is available for the navigation. The natural consequence will be that the navigation must gradually cease to be made use of, as it becomes a matter of difficulty, and the railway will take the trade, which might be kept to the river if a more energetic care of the navigable stream were taken. This is a most serious matter, and ought to be attended to.

[Picture: Langley Dyke]

Next is Langley Dyke, near which are the reaches of the river where the principal regattas are held, and by the river side is Cantley Red House (fourteen miles). Cantley railway station is very close to the river,

and as the water is deep close to the bank, and there is some fairly firm ground, this is a favourite yachting station, with good mooring to the banks. Comfortable quarters may be had at the Red House, and the fishing is good all about. A little lower down, on the same side of the river, is another house, "Peart's," where one may obtain comfortable accommodation, and a "dock" where small boats may be safely left.

We delayed so long on our way that the wind was falling, as it usually does towards five o'clock on summer days: the tide had also turned, and we had it against us, so our progress was slow. We passed the mouth of the Chet on our right, navigable some four miles up to Loddon. Its mouth is marked by Hardley Cross, which forms the boundary between the Norwich and Yarmouth jurisdictions over the river. We barely made headway as a public-house on the left, called Reedham Ferry, was reached, and a little lower down we lay to against the "rond," or bank, and made all snug for the night. A little further is Reedham village (eighteen miles), which is picturesquely situated on high ground on the north bank of the river. The railway station is close by, and is the junction between the Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Norwich lines. There is staying accommodation to be had at Reedham. Yachts can be moored against the south bank above the bridge, but should not be left unguarded, as the tide runs strong, and wherries tacking through the bridge often jam up against the bank.

[Picture: Roach] The stove was soon alight, and the kettle on, while we walked to the village for eggs and milk. As the gloaming deepened, Wynne grew poetical over the scene of wide space there was about us, filled then with an orange glow from the west, while the swallows skimmed the river, and struck red drops of spray from the surface. Then when the awning was spread over the stern sheets, and the lamp lit up the snug cabin, Wynne smoked contentedly, to the envy of the writer, who cannot smoke; and it was later than it ought to have been ere we lay down in our respective bunks, and were lulled to sleep by the ripple of the water against the planks.

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## EXCERPTS OF A TRIP TO YUNG-NING (CHAPTER XII)

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *From Peking to Mandalay*, by R. F. Johnston

Leaving Li She Tzŭ at dawn on 8th May, we rode over an undulating road, generally wooded, and at about 5 miles changed mules at the village of Li Rang Tzŭ. This proved to be the last village of Muli-land, and of the province of Ssuch'uan, for a march of barely 4 miles beyond it led us across the boundary of the province at the top of a low range of wooded hills. We were then in Yunnan. The descent into the next plain was steep, and the road execrable. There we entered the first of the Yunnanese villages--Djo-Dji--where I was received by the local headman. Though a Mo-so, he was acquainted with Chinese, as well as

his own language, and was attired in a Chinese long coat with bright brass buttons that had once adorned the uniform of a British soldier. From a metal case which he held in his hand he drew one of his cards. As he presented it to me, he told me that he was well acquainted with Western foreigners, for he had seen two besides myself. They, he added, were two Frenchmen, who had passed through the village quite recently, and who--judging from his description--must have been engaged in surveying.[255] He spoke of them with great warmth of feeling, for it appeared that they had presented him with a valuable memento in the shape of an empty sardine-tin. This was the metal box which he had converted into a card-case, and of which he was evidently very proud. The district in which this village is situated is fairly rich and well populated. A series of cultivated plains, divided from each other by rounded hills, extends the whole way from the frontier of the province to the town of Yung-ning, which we reached after passing through a number of prosperous villages, inhabited by Mo-so, of which the largest were Wo La, Yi Ma Wa, A-ko Am-ni Wa, and A-gu Wa. In these villages the houses were nearly all mere cabins, built of pine-logs, the roofs being thin wooden boards weighted with heavy stones to keep them from blowing away; but the dress of the women is in striking contrast with the poverty of their dwellings. Their hair, which is roped round the head, is lavishly adorned with strings of beads and silver ornaments, and their skirts are brilliantly coloured.[256] But while wife and daughter are allowed to array themselves in all the finery that the family possesses, the husband is content to wear the meanest sack] cloth, and carries no ornaments. Some of the men, in imitation of the Chinese, shave the front of their heads and wear queues.

[Illustration: YUNG-NING. [\_To face p. 229.\_]]

[Sidenote: RULER OF YUNG-NING]

Yung-ning, in spite of the prominence given to it on the maps, is a large straggling village rather than a town. It has no walls, its houses are humble structures mostly built of wood, and its only conspicuous building is an imposing lamasery. Its population is purely agricultural. The people are of mixed Mo-so and Tibetan race, and the prevailing religion is Lamaism. The town--if it must be so called--is the capital of a district bounded on the north and east by the provincial frontier, on the south by the Yangtse or River of Golden Sand, and the Chinese sub-prefecture of Yung Pei, and on the west by the tribal district of Chung-tien. The district of Yung-ning is ruled by a hereditary native chief, a personage of less importance than the "kings" of Chala and Muli, but still of considerable rank and influence. Like many other tribal chiefs who, during the last few centuries have been brought by cajolery or force of arms under the dominion of China, the Yung-ning chief holds the hereditary rank of a Chinese official. In China proper, as I need hardly say, official rank is not hereditary; but in subduing the wild "barbarian" districts

of Ssuch'uan and Yunnan the Chinese Government found their task facilitated by making an ingenious compromise with the chiefs. Each chieftain who placed himself and his territory under the suzerainty of China, and undertook to be guided in all matters of political importance by Chinese advice, was not only confirmed in his position as tribal ruler, but received the title and rank of a Chinese official to be borne by his heirs and successors in perpetuity. The ruler of Yung-ning thus bears the hereditary rank and title of prefect, and it is for this reason that in the maps his capital is marked as a \_fu\_ or prefecture. In all matters affecting Chinese interests he is practically the subordinate of the sub-prefect of Yung Pei, a Chinese official whose rank is nominally inferior to his own. Yung Pei is a small city lying about six days' journey south of Yung-ning, forming the centre of a Chinese administrative subdivision.

The day after my arrival at Yung-ning I received a call from the chief. As he knew no Chinese we had to converse through the medium of his Chinese secretary. The chief was a young man of about twenty-eight, amiable enough, but intensely shy and ill at ease in the presence of a foreigner. He wore the uniform of his Chinese rank, and showed himself well acquainted with the Chinese rules of ceremony and etiquette.

The plain of Yung-ning is situated about 9,500 feet above sea-level, in a warm latitude, and produces a great variety of crops. Part of it is given up to the cultivation of rice, for it is well watered by a considerable stream, which bisects the town and flows through the middle of the plain. I saw here, for the first time since I had left central Ssuch'uan, that patient and indispensable partner of the Chinese ploughman in the rice-field, the water-buffalo. The stream is named the K'ai Chi[257] and is spanned by a handsome stone bridge which, according to the inscription on a tablet close by, was rebuilt as recently as the thirtieth year of the present reign (1905). The stream produces excellent fish.

[Sidenote: POLYANDRY]

The town contains, besides quasi-Tibetans and Mo-so, a considerable number of Li-so (Leesaw), who speak a language of their own. During the day and a half I spent in Yung-ning I took the opportunity to note down a list of Li-so words, in order that I might compare them with the Mo-so words I had picked up during the three days' march from Muli. The vocabularies will be found in Appendix A.

In many respects the social customs of the Mo-so are identical with those of eastern Tibet. Polyandry, for example, prevails among them to a great extent. It is quite common for a woman to have three or four husbands, or even more. With regard to the prevalence of this practice in Tibetan countries, Baber[258] has observed the curious fact that polygamy is the rule in the valleys while polyandry prevails in the

uplands, the reason apparently being that women are numerous in the valleys, where the work is light and suitable to their capabilities, but form only a small minority of the population of the mountains, where the climate is severe and the work of the herdsmen not suited to females. "The subject," he says, "raises many curious and by no means frivolous questions, but I cannot help thinking it singular that the conduct of courtship and matrimony should be regulated by the barometrical pressure." In the Mo-so country, however, the practice of polyandry seems to be almost, if not quite, as prevalent among the people of the plains as among those of the mountains; it exists, for instance, in the villages situated on the banks of the upper Yangtse, less than two days' journey south of Yung-ning. The children of a woman who has several husbands are apparently regarded as the legitimate offspring of all of them: an arrangement facilitated by the fact that the husbands are generally closely related to each other,[259] and that the Mo-so, like the Tibetans, have no regular surnames. In one of the Sino-Tibetan states north-west of Tachienlu the sovereign power is said to be always in the hands of a woman. This is the principality of Sa-mong (so spelled in Tibetan) in the north-east of Derge. If this "regiment of women" is not connected with an ancient matriarchal custom it may be the result of ages of polyandry, though I am not aware that the queen of Sa-mong takes to herself more than one prince-consort.[260]

#### [Sidenote: DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD]

The funeral ceremonies of the Mo-so are much the same as those of the Tibetans and the people of Muli. The dead are generally cremated or left to the vultures and beasts of prey. In case of cremation, the ashes are scattered or thrown into a ravine or river. Such rough-and-ready methods of disposing of the dead seem to point back to a time when the people that practise these customs were nomads, having no fixed habitation and unable to raise permanent memorials to their dead. The Mo-so, who have settled close to the banks of the Yangtse, hold the richest lands, and are perhaps the most civilised members of their race. They, perhaps influenced by the example of the Chinese, seem to be gradually modifying the national customs with regard to the disposal of the dead. After cremation they carefully wash the ashes in the waters of the Yangtse, and then deposit them in artificial caves roughly hewn by themselves out of the loose crumbling soil of the river's right bank. But the ashes are not inurned, and no record of the deceased is preserved on tablets or monuments.

## CHAPTER XIII

### YUNG-NING

ibid

At Yung-ning I parted with some regret from my three Chinese soldiers--including Hoggins and Bloggins--who had acted as my escort all the way from Tachienlu. They had carried out their orders to the letter in seeing me safely into Yunnan, and in many ways had rendered me faithful and valuable service. Attended by such men a traveller in the wilds of Chinese Tibet has indeed but little to complain of. They were always cheerful, obedient and respectful, never once grumbled at the hardships of the road or the difficulties that we sometimes had about obtaining food, and at the end of a day's journey were always busy about my personal requirements before they looked after themselves. I rewarded them with treble the pay I had promised them at Tachienlu, and still felt that I was in their debt. They started off on the return journey in the company of the lama who had acted as my guide from Muli, and I was glad to learn some months afterwards that they had arrived safely at Tachienlu. The lama, of course, left them at Muli. The Tibetan servant whom I had engaged at Tachienlu remained in my service for some weeks longer, until I had arrived at T'êng-yüeh near the frontier of Burma.

[Sidenote: DEPARTURE FROM YUNG-NING]

I started from Yung-ning on 10th May, with an unusually large retinue. The mountain pass that separates the Yung-ning plain from the Yangtse was said to be one of the most dangerous roads in western China, owing to the presence of large bands of Lolo robbers. The Yung-ning chief was therefore kind enough to send no less than twelve armed men to escort me to the banks of the river. Two of the twelve were soldiers in uniform; the rest were honest rustics who were probably less afraid of the Lolos than of their borrowed firearms, which on their own admission they had never been taught to use. Our general direction during the morning was W.S.W., over an undulating road that at first led us through cultivated fields and afterwards gradually ascended the side of a wooded mountain. Early in the afternoon we reached, after a long climb, the summit of the Ge Wa pass or Ge Wa Ya K'ou, the height of which is about 13,000 feet. From the summit there was no view towards the south as it was hidden by forests, but a backward glance afforded a beautiful view of the Yung-ning plain, the afternoon shining brightly on its many shades of green. We descended the west side of the pass by a bad road, and all distant views were concealed until we had gone down about 3,000 feet. Then a panorama of very lofty mountains, crowned with snow, opened out before us in the south-west. After passing one or two log cabins and a few fields of scanty vegetation we reached our night's quarters in a sorry hut. The whole of the next morning was occupied in continuing the long descent to the Yangtse valley. The road is not very steep, but the surface is crumbling and rocky. We first caught sight of the great river when we were between 2,000 and 3,000 feet above it. The glimpse revealed to us a tortuous channel of which the general direction was from north-west to south-east. The mountains slope almost to the water's edge on both sides, but there

are several small villages perched above the banks, and there is a considerable amount of cultivation. Yet it is curious to observe that the Chinese, as distinct from the natives, are convinced that this broad valley--like all other river-valleys in the west--is dangerous to the health of "civilised" beings. We had our midday meal outside a solitary house called Lan Ga Lo, not far from which is a village. Thence we descended, always in full view of the river, to the village of La Ka Shi, which lies close to a small stream called the Si Dji or Si river. From there we proceeded along the left bank of the Yangtse, two or three hundred feet above it, for a distance of half a mile, then descended to the water's edge by a very steep zig-zagged path.

[Illustration: THE YANGTSE RIVER, NEAR YUNG-NING, ABOVE THE FERRY.  
[\_To face p. 236.\_]

[Illustration: THE YANGTSE RIVER, NEAR YUNG-NING, ABOVE THE FERRY.  
[\_To face p. 236.\_]

The crossing of the river was effected by means of a ferry-boat; but, as there was only one boat and we had mules to take across, it was not till two hours afterwards that we were all safely deposited with our baggage on the right bank. It was difficult work to get the animals into the boat. The second boat-load (consisting of two of them) nearly found a watery grave, for a mule became panic-stricken when the boat was only a third of the way across, and stamped about so much that the rather crazy craft sprang a leak and had to be hurried back. The current was much less swift than that of the Yalung, and we were not carried down stream more than about 30 yards during the passage; but we were told by the ferryman that the water had only recently begun to rise above the usual winter level. The melting snows in summer naturally make a great difference in the speed of the current and the level of the water. Where we crossed, the river was more than 100 yards broad, but just above that point it forces its way through a narrow channel formed by some jutting rocks.[261] The rapids render the river quite unnavigable. The height of the Yangtse above sea-level at this point is about 5,200 feet. A local Chinese name for this portion of the river is Pai Shui Ho ("White Water River"), but, like all rivers fed by melting snows and glaciers, it was very brown and muddy when we crossed it. The Mo-so name is Gi Dji, which simply means "The River."

It is only within the last ten years that geographers have known anything about the great bend in the Yangtse that brings it to within a day's journey of Yung-ning. The bend is, of course, caused by the vast mountain range that extends to the north of Li-chiang--a range that proved impenetrable even to the turbulent waters of the greatest river in China, and forced it to take a northerly course that added scores of miles to its total length. M. Bonin was, I believe, the first traveller to make this discovery, and his observations were

subsequently confirmed by Major Davies and Major Ryder.[262]

On reaching the right (south) bank of the Yangtse, we at once commenced a stiff uphill climb. Close to the river's edge I noticed some of the small artificial caves or recesses mentioned above,[263] in connection with the burial customs of the Mo-so. Not far from these, but not quite so close to the river's edge, were a number of holes, large enough to admit a man, and partly covered by loose planks. These, I was told, were the shafts of gold-mines, but I could get no information as to the output, and no doubt the methods of working are exceedingly primitive. When I asked my guides whether the gold of this district had not attracted Chinese miners, they told me a naïve story of how some years ago some Chinese "from the east" came and set up a mining establishment there, ruthlessly driving the natives to the neighbouring mountains. Soon afterwards the Chinese miners found themselves harassed day and night by continuous showers of stones and rocks, which killed not a few of their number and wrecked their huts. After patiently enduring these calamities for a few days, without hope of being able to retaliate, they picked up their belongings and quietly fled away, doubtless regretting their foolhardiness in tampering with the prescriptive rights of the quarrelsome barbarians.[264]

[Illustration: THE YANGTSE RIVER AT THE FERRY. [\_To face p. 238.\_]

[Sidenote: MO-SO AND LI-SO]

Several hundred feet above the gold-mines I passed some old graves--not unlike a type of grave often seen in China proper. One of my mule-drivers, a Mo-so, could only tell me that they were the tombs of \_pên-ti-jên\_, which means nothing but "the natives," and is therefore not a very enlightening expression to use in a country inhabited by three or four different races, none of which has any exact knowledge of how it came there. The predominant races between the Yunnan frontier, north of Yung-ning, and the town of Li-chiang are undoubtedly Mo-so and Li-so, but that there are tribal differences among them seems to be evident from the fact that the Mo-so north of the Yangtse are under the rule of the chief whom I met at Yung-ning, while south of that river they are subject to another chief who resides at Li-chiang. At one time, indeed, it is well known that all the Mo-so were governed by a king whose capital was at Li-chiang, but the present Li-chiang chief--whose influence is gradually waning owing to Chinese encroachments--is not the representative of the ancient Mo-so king.

After climbing about 2,000 feet above the river, we halted for the night in the flourishing village of Fêng K'o, where I found excellent quarters in the upper story of an empty house. Next day we crossed the little upland valley in which Fêng K'o is situated, and gradually ascended along the mountain-side in a south-westerly direction, following to some extent the course of the river now far below us.



About 3 miles from Fêng K'o we turned west into a defile, having in front of us, to the south and south-west, a range of rocky mountains with snowy peaks probably over 18,000 feet high. Another 2 or 3 miles brought us to a brisk, clear stream, which we followed up to a little temple or shrine close by which the water bubbles out of a fountain in a rock. The water is excellent, and there is good camping-ground for a small party. I strongly recommend travellers who may traverse this route hereafter to make this a stage if possible. Lightly-equipped travellers might make it the second stage from Yung-ning, and heavily-laden caravans might make it the third. From this attractive spot we marched steadily uphill for a few miles and rested outside a couple of cottages. Thence, after a luncheon of eggs, we resumed our upward journey for several hours, finally following an undulating track along one of the mountain ridges. It began to cloud over about this time. The tops of the neighbouring mountains were hidden in mist, and towards evening rain fell heavily. This part of the country is a dreary waste of wild mountains without a trace of human habitation. We went on till nightfall, then camped in the forest. As we had no tent, and were sheltered only by the gaunt arms of fir-trees, the prospects of a comfortable night were somewhat dismal; but fortunately the rain ceased to fall before midnight and we were troubled only by the dripping branches. In one respect the rain was useful, as it afforded us all the water we required for drinking and cooking purposes. We had found no spring-water in this part of the forest.

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## NINE DAYS' WONDER IN YORK

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Perhaps it would be better to come to York somewhat earlier in the year than the 2d of September. By that time the English summer has suffered often if not severe discouragements. It has really only two months out of the year to itself, and even July and August are not always constant to it. To be sure, their defection cannot spoil it, but they dispose it to the slights of September in a dejection from which there is no rise to those coqueties with October known to our own summer. Yet, having said so much, I feel bound to add that our nine days in York, from the 2d to the 12th of September, were more summer than autumn days, some wholly, some partly, with hours of sunshine keeping the flowers bright which the rain kept fresh. If you walked fast in this sunshine you were quite hot, and sometimes in the rain you were uncomfortably warm, or at least you were wet. If the mornings demanded a fire in the grate, the evenings were so clement that the lamp was sufficient, and the noons were very

well with neither.

I

The day of our arrival in York began bright at Sheffield, where there was a man quarrelling so loudly and aimlessly in the station that we were glad to get away from him, as well as from the mountains of slag surrounding the iron metropolis. The train ran through a pass in these, and then we found ourselves in a plain country, and, though the day turned gray and misty, there seemed a sort of stored sunshine in the fields of wheat which the farmers were harvesting far and near. One has heard so much of the decay of the English agriculture that one sees what is apparently the contrary with nothing less than astonishment. The acreage of these wheat-fields was large, and the yield heavier than I could remember to have seen at home. Where the crop had been got in, much ploughing for the next year had been done already, and where the ploughing was finished the work of sowing by drill was going steadily forward, in the faith that such an unprecedented summer as was now passing would return another year. At all these pleasant labors, of course, the rooks were helping, or at least bossing.

II

We expected to stay certainly a week, and perhaps two weeks, in York, and our luck with railway hotels had been so smiling elsewhere that we had no other mind than to spend the time at the house into which we all but stepped from our train. But we had reckoned without our host, as he was represented by one of a half-dozen alert young ladies in the office, who asked how long we expected to stay, and when we expressed a general purpose of staying indefinitely, said that all her rooms were taken from the next Monday by people who had engaged them long before for the races. I did not choose to betray my ignorance to a woman, but I privately asked the head porter what races those were which were limiting our proposed sojourn, and I am now afraid he had some difficulty in keeping a head porter's conventional respect for a formal superior in answering that we had arrived on the eve of Doncaster Week. Then I said, "Oh yes," and affected the knowledge of Doncaster Week which I resolved to acquire by staying somewhere in York till it was over.

But as yet, that Friday afternoon, there was no hurry, and, instead of setting about a search for lodgings at once, we drove up into the town, as soon as we had tea, and visited York Minster while it was still the gray afternoon and not yet the gray

evening. I thought the hour fortunate, and I do not see yet how we could have chosen a better hour out of the whole twenty-four, for the inside or the outside of the glorious fane, the grandest and beautifulest in all England, as I felt then and I feel now. If I were put to the question and were forced to say in what its supreme grandeur and beauty lay, I should perhaps say in its most ample simplicity. No doubt it is full of detail, but I keep no sense of this from that mighty interior, with its tree-like, clustered pillars, and its measureless windows, like breadths of stained foliage in autumnal woodlands. You want the scale of nature for the Minster at York, and I cannot liken it to less than all-out-doors. Some cathedrals, like that of Wells, make you think of gardens; but York Minster will not be satisfied with less than an autumnal woodland, where the trees stand in clumps, with grassy levels about them, and with spacious openings to the sky, that let in the colored evening light.

You could not get lost in it, for it was so free of all such architectural undergrowth as cumber the perspectives of some cathedrals; besides, the afternoon of our visit there were so many other Americans that you could easily have asked your way in your own dialect. We loitered over its lengths and breadths, and wondered at its windows, which were like the gates of sunrise and sunset for magnitude, and lingered in a sumptuous delay from going into the choir, delighting in the gray twilight which seemed to gather from the gray walls inward, when suddenly what seemed a metallic curtain was dropped with a clash and the simultaneous up-flashing of electric bulbs inside it, and we were shut out from the sight but not the sound of the service that began in the choir. We could not wholly regret the incident, for as we recalled the like operation of religion in churches of our Italian travel, we were reminded how equally authoritative the Church of England and the Church of Home were, and how little they adjust their ceremonial to the individual, how largely to the collective worshipper. You could come into the Minster of York as into the basilica of St. Mark at Venice for a silent prayer amid the religious influences of the place, and be conscious of your oneness with your Source, as if there were no other one; but when the priesthood called you as one of many to your devotions, it was with the same imperative voice in both, and you must obey or be cut off from your chance. I suppose it is right; but somehow the down-clashing of that screen of the choir in the Minster at York seemed to exclude us with reproach, almost with ignominy.

[Illustration: YORK MINSTER--THE GRANDEST IN ALL ENGLAND]

We did what we could to repair our wounded self respect, and did not lay our exclusion up against the Minster itself, which I find

that I noted as "scatteringly noble outside." By this I dare say I meant it had not that artistic unity of which I brought the impression from the inside. They were doing, as they were always doing, every where, with English cathedrals, something to one of the towers; but this only enhanced its scattering nobleness, for it left that greatly bescaffolded tower largely to the imagination, in which it soared sublimer, if anything, than its compeer. Most of the streets leading to and from the rather insufficient, irregular square where the Minster stands are lanes of little houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth, centuries, which collectively curved in their line, and not only overhung at their second stories, but bulged outward involuntarily from the weakness of age. They were all quite habitable, and some much later dwellings immediately surrounding the church were the favorite sojourn, apparently, of such strangers as could have rooms at the hotels only until the Monday of Doncaster Week.

### III

During those limited days of the week before Doncaster, I was constantly coming back to the Minster, which is not the germ of political York, or hardly religious York; the brave city was a Romano-British capital and a Romano-British episcopal see centuries before the first wooden temple was built on the site of the present edifice in 627. I should like to make believe that we found traces of that simple church in the crypt of the Minster when we went the next morning and were herded through it by the tenderest of vergers. Most of our flock were Americans, and we put our guide to such question in matters of imagination and information as the patience of a less amiable shepherd would not have borne. Many a tale, true or o'ertrue, our verger had, which he told with unction; when he ascended with us to the body of the church, and said that the stained glass of the gigantic windows suffered from the depredations of the mistaken birds which pecked holes in the joints of their panes, I felt that I had full measure from him, pressed down and running over. I do not remember why he said the birds should have done this, but it seems probable that they took the mellow colors of the glass for those of ripe fruits.

For myself, I could not get enough of those windows, in another sort of famine which ought at this time to have been sated. I was forever wondering at their grandeur outside and their glory inside. I was glad to lose my way about the town, for if I kept walking I was sure, sooner or later, to bring up at the Minster; but the last evening of our stay I made a purposed pilgrimage to it for a final emotion. It was the clearest evening we had in York, and at half-past six the sun was setting in a transparent

sky, which somehow it did not flush with any of those glaring reds which the vulgarer sorts of sunsets are fond of, but bathed the air in a delicate suffusion of daffodil light, just tinged with violet. This was the best medium to see the past of the Minster in, and I can see it there now, if I did not then. I followed, or I follow, its veracious history back to the beginning of the seventh century, whence you can look back further still to the earliest Christian temples where the Romans worshipped with the Britons, whom they had enslaved and converted. But it was not till 627 that the little wooden chapel was built on the site of the Minster, to house the rite of the Northumbrian King Eadwine's baptism. He felt so happy in his new faith that he replaced the wooden structure with stone. In the next century it was burned, but rebuilt by another pious prince, and probably repaired by yet another after the Danes took the city a hundred years later. It was then in a good state to be destroyed by that devout William the Conqueror, who came to take the Saxon world in its sins of guttling and guzzling. The first Norman archbishop reconstructed or restored the church, and then it began to rise and to spread in glory--nave, transepts, and choir, and pillars and towers, Norman and Early English, and Perpendicular and Decorated--till it found itself at last what the American tourist sees it to-day. It suffered from two great fires in the nineteenth century, the first set by a lunatic who had the fancy of seeing it burn, but who had only the satisfaction of destroying part of the roof.

It was never richly painted, but the color wanting in the walls and fretted vault was more than compensated by the mellowed splendors of the matchless windows. It was, indeed, fit to be the home of much more secular history than can be associated with it; but not till the end of the thirteenth century had the Minster a patron of its own, when St. William was canonized, and exercised his office, whatever it was, for two brief centuries. Then the Cromwell of Henry VIII. took possession of it in behalf of the crown, and the saint's charge was practically abolished. He was even deprived of his head, for the relic was encased in gold and jewels, and was therefore worth the king's having, who was most a friend of the reformed religion when it paid best. The later Cromwell, who beat a later king hard by at Marston Moor, must have somehow desecrated the Minster, though there is no record of any such fact. A more authentic monument of the religious difficulties of the times is the pastoral staff, bearing the arms of Catharine of Braganza, the poor little wife of Charles II., which was snatched from a Roman Catholic bishop when, to the high offence of Protestant piety, he was heading a procession in York in 1688. The verger showing us through the Minster was a good Protestant, but he held it bad taste in a predecessor of his, who when leading about a Catholic party of sight-seers took the

captive staff from its place and shook it in their faces, saying, "Don't you wish you had it?"

#### IV

There is no telling to what lengths true religion, may rightly not go. I rather prize the incident as the sole fact concerning the Minster which I could make sure of even after repeated visits, and if I am indebted for my associations with it, long after the event, to Dr. Raine's scholarly and interesting sketch of York history, there is no reason why the better-informed reader should not accompany me in my last visit fully equipped. I walked slowly all round the structure, and fancied that I got a new sense of grandeur in the effect of the east window, which was, at any rate, more impressive than the north window. It was a long walk, almost the measure of such a walk as one should take after supper for one's health, and it had such incidents as many pauses for staring up at the many restorations going on. From point to point the incomparable Perpendicular Gothic carried the eye to the old gargoyles of the caves and towers waiting to be replaced by the new gargoyles, which lay in open-mouthed grimacing in the grass at the bases of the church. While I stood noting both, and thinking the chances were that I should never look on York Minster again, and feeling the luxurious pang of it, a verger in a skull-cap was so good as to come to a side door and parley long and pleasantly with a policeman. The simple local life went on around; people going to or from supper passed me; kind, vulgar noises came from the little houses bulging over the narrow, neighboring streets; there seemed to be the stamping of horses in a stable, and there was certainly the misaspirated talk about them. I could not have asked better material for the humble emotions I love; and I was more than content on my way home to find myself one of the congregation at the loud devotions of a detachment of the Salvation Army. After a battering of drums and a clashing of cymbals and a shouting of hymns, the worship settled to the prayer of a weak brother, who was so long in supplication that the head exhorter covered a yawn with his hand, and at the first sign of relenting in the suppliant bade the drums and cymbals strike up. Then, after a hymn, a sister, such a very plain, elderly sister, with hardly a tooth or an aitch in her head, began to relate her religious history. It appeared that she had been a much greater sinner than she looked, and that the mercy shown her had been proportionate. She was vain both of her sins and mercies, poor soul, and in her scrimp figure, with its ill-fitting uniform, Heaven knows how long she went on. I was distracted by a clergyman passing on the outside of the ring of listening women and children, and looking, I chose to think, somewhat sourly askance at the distasteful ceremonial. I wished

to stop him, on his way to the Minster, if that was his way, and tell him that so Christianity must have begun, and so the latest form of it must always begin and work round after ages and ages to the beauty and respectability his own ritual has. But I now believe this would have been the greatest impertinence and hypocrisy, for I myself found the performance before us as tasteless and tawdry as he could possibly have done. He was going toward the Minster, and it would make him forget it; but I was going away from it, perhaps, for the last time, and this loud side-show of religion would make me forget the Minster.

## V

Our railway hotel lay a little way out of the town, and after a day's sight-seeing we were to meet or mingle with troops of wholesome-looking workmen whose sturdiness and brightness were a consolation after the pale debility of labor's looks in Sheffield. From the chocolate-factories or the railroad-shops, which are the chief industries of York, they would be crossing the bridge of the Ouse, the famous stream on which the Romans had their town, and which suggested to the Anglicans to call their Eboracum Eborac--a town on a river. In due time the Danes modified this name to Yerik, and so we came honestly by the name of our own New York, called after the old York, as soon as the English had robbed the Dutch of it, and the King of England had given the province to his brother the Duke of York. Both cities are still towns on rivers, but the Ouse is no more an image or forecast of the Hudson than Old York is of New York. For that reason, the bridge over it is not to be compared to our Brooklyn Bridge, or even to any bridge which is yet to span the Hudson. The difference is so greatly in our favor that we may well yield our city's mother the primacy in her city wall. We have ourselves as yet no Plantagenet wall, and we have not yet got a mediaeval gate through which the traveller passes in returning from the Flatiron Building to his hotel in the Grand Central Station.

We do not begin to have such a hoar antiquity as is articulate in the mother city, speaking with muted voices from the innumerable monuments which the earth has yielded from the site of our hotel and its adjacent railway station. All underground York is doubtless fuller of Home than even Bath is; and it has happened that her civilization was much more largely dug up here than elsewhere when the foundations of the spreading edifices were laid. The relics are mainly the witnesses of pagan Rome, but Christianity politically began in York, as it has politically ended in New York, and doubtless some soldiers of the Sixth Legion and many of the British slaves were religiously Christians in the ancient metropolis before Constantine was elected emperor

there.

I have been in many places where history is hospitably at home and is not merely an unwilling guest, as in our unmemorial land. Florence is very well, Venice is not so bad, Naples has her long thoughts, and Milan is mediaeval-minded, not to speak of Genoa, or Marseilles, or Paris, or those romantic German towns where the legends, if not the facts, abound; but, after all, for my pleasure in the past, I could not choose any place before York. You need not be so very definite in your knowledge. The event of Constantine's presence and election is so spacious as to leave no room for particulars in the imagination; and you are so rich in it that you will even reject them from your thoughts, as you sit in the close-cropped flowery lawn of your hotel garden (try to imagine a railroad hotel garden in \_New\_ York!) on the sunniest of the afternoons before you are turned out for Doncaster Week, and, while you watch a little adventurous American boy climbing over a pile of rock-work, realize the most august, the most important fact in the story of the race as native to the very air you are breathing! Where you sit you are in full view of the Minster, which is to say in view of something like the towers and battlements of the celestial city. Or if you wake very early on a morning still nearer the fatal Doncaster Week of your impending banishment, and look out of your lofty windows at the sunrise reddening the level bars of cloud behind the Minster, you shall find it bulked up against the pearl-gray masses of the sunny mist which hangs in all the intervening trees, and solidifies them in unbroken masses of foliage. All round your hotel spreads a gridiron of railroad, yet such is the force of the English genius for quiet that you hear no clatter of trains; the expresses whirl in and out of the station with not more noise than humming-birds; and amid this peace the past has some chance with modernity. The Britons dwell, unmolested by our latter-day clamor, in their wattled huts and dugouts; the Romans come and make them slaves and then Christians, and after three or four hundred years send word from the Tiber to the Ouse that they can stay no longer, and so leave them naked to their enemies, the Picts and Scots and Saxons and Angles; and in due course come the ravaging and burning Danes; and in due course still, the murdering and plundering and scorning Normans. But all so quietly, like the humming-bird-like expresses, with a kind of railway celerity in the foreshortened retrospect; and after the Normans have crushed themselves down into the mass of the vanquished, and formed the English out of the blend, there follow the many wars of the successions, of the Roses, of the Stuarts, with all the intermediate insurrections and rebellions. In the splendid Histories of Shakespeare, which are full of York, the imagination visits and revisits the place, and you are entreated by mouth of one of his princely personages,



"I pray you let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and things of fame,  
That do renown this city,"

where his Henrys and Richards and Margarets and Edwards and  
Eleanors abide still and shall forever abide while the English  
speech lasts.

[Illustration: BOOTHAM BAR AND THE MINSTER]

## VI

Something of all this I knew, and more pretended, with a mounting indignation at the fast-coming Doncaster Week which was to turn us out of our hotel. We began our search for other lodgings with what seemed to be increasing failure. The failure had consolation in it so far as the sweet regret of people whose apartments were taken could console. They would have taken us at other hotels for double the usual price, but, when we showed ourselves willing to pay, it proved that they had no rooms at any price. From house to house, then, we went, at first vaingloriously, in the spaces about the Minster, and then meekly into any side street, wherever the legend of Apartments showed itself in a transom. At last, the second day, after being denied at seven successive houses, we found quite the refuge we wanted in the Bootham, which means very much more than the ignorant reader can imagine. Our upper rooms looked on a pretty grassy garden space behind, where there was sun when there was sun, and in front on the fine old brick dwellings of a most personable street, with a sentiment of bygone fashion. At the upper end of it was a famous city gate--Bootham Bar, namely--with a practicable portcullis, which we verified at an early moment by going up into "the chamber over the gate," where it was once worked, and whence its lower beam, set thick with savage spikes, was dropped. Outside the gate there was a sign in the wall saying that guards were to be had there to guide travellers through the Forest of Galtres beyond Bootham, and keep them from the wolves. Now woods and wolves and guards are all gone, and Bootham Bar is never closed.

The upper room is a passageway for people who are walking round the town on the Plantagenet wall, and one morning we took this walk in sunshine that befitted the Sabbath. Half the children of York seemed to be taking it, too, with their good parents, who had stayed away from church to give them this pleasure, the fathers putting on their frock-coats and top-hats, which are worn on no other days in the provincial cities of England. For a Plantagenet wall, that of York is in excellent repair, and it is

very clean, so that the children could not spoil their Sunday best by clambering on the parapet, and trying to fall over it. There was no parapet on the other side, and they could have fallen over that without trouble; but it would not have served the same purpose; for under the parapet there were the most alluringly ragged little boys, with untidy goats and delightfully dirty geese. There was no trace of a moat outside the wall, where pleasant cottages pressed close to it with their gardens full of bright flowers. At one point there were far-spreading sheep and cattle pens, where there is a weekly market, and at another the old Norman castle which cruel Conqueror William built to hold the city, and which has suffered change, not unpicturesque, into prisons for unluckier criminals, and the Assize Courts for their condemnation. From time to time the wall left off, and then we got down, perforce, and walked to the next piece of it. In these pieces we made the most of the old gates, especially Walmgate Bar, which has a barbican. I should be at a loss to say why the barbican should have commended it so; perhaps it was because we there realized, for the first time, what a barbican was; I doubt if the reader knows, now. Otherwise, I should have preferred Monk Bar or Micklegate Bar, as being more like those I was used to in the theatre. But we came back gladly to Bootham Bar, holding that a portcullis was equal any day to a barbican, and feeling as if we had got home in the more familiar neighborhood.

There were small shops in the Bootham, thread-and-needle stores, newspaper stores, and provision stores mainly, which I affected, and there was one united florist's and fruiterer's which I particularly liked because of the conversability of the proprietor. He was a stout man, of a vinous complexion, with what I should call here, where our speech is mostly uncouth, an educated accent, though with few and wandering aspirates in it. Him I visited every morning to buy for my breakfast one of those Spanish melons which they have everywhere in England, and which put our native cantaloupes to shame; and we always fell into a little talk over our transaction of fourpence or sixpence, as the case might be. After I had confided that I was an American, he said one day, "Ah, the Americans are clever people." Then he added, "I hope you won't mind my saying it, sir, but I think their ladies are rather harder than our English ladies, sir."

"Yes," I eagerly assented. "How do you mean? Sharper? Keener?"

"Well, not just that, sir."

"More practical? More business-like?" I pursued.

"Well, I shouldn't like to say that, sir. But--they seem rather harder, sir; at least, judging from what I see of them in York,

sir. Rather harder, sir."

We remained not the less friends with that mystery between us; and I bought my last melon of him on my last morning, when the early September had turned somewhat sharply chill. That turn made me ask what the winter was in York, and he boasted it very cold, with ice and snow aplenty, and degrees of frost much like our own. But apparently those York women resisted it and remained of a tenderness which contrasted to their advantage with the summer hardness of our women.

## VII

It was a pleasure, which I should be glad to share with the reader, to lose one's self in the streets of York. They were all kinds of streets except straight, and they seemed not to go anywhere except for the joke of bringing the wayfarer unexpectedly back to, or near, his starting-point and far from his goal. The blame of their vagariousness, if it was a fault, is put upon the Danes, who found York when they captured it very rectangular, for so the Romans built it, and so the Angles kept it; but nothing would serve the Danes but to crook its streets and call them gates, so that the real gates of the city have to be called bars, or else the stranger might take them for streets. If he asked another wayfarer, he could sometimes baffle the streets, and get to the point he aimed at, but, whether he did or not, he could always amuse himself in them; they would take a friendly interest in him, and show him the old houses and churches which the American stranger prefers. They abound in the poorer sorts of buildings, of course, just as they do in the poorer sorts of people, but in their simpler courts and squares and expanses they have often dignified mansions of that Georgian architecture which seems the last word in its way, and which is known here in our older edifices as there in their newer. Some of them are said to have "richly carved ceilings, wainscoted, panelled rooms, chimneypieces with paintings framed in the over-mantel, dentilled cornices, and pedimented doors," and I could well believe it, as I passed them with an envious heart. There were gardens behind these mansions which hung their trees over the spiked coping of their high-shouldered walls and gates, and sequestered I know not what damp social events in their flowery and leafy bounds.

[Illustration: WALMGATE BAR HAS A BARBICAN]

At times I distinctly wished to know something of the life of York, but I was not in the way of it. The nearest to an acquaintance I had there, besides my critical fruiterer, was the

actor whose name I recognized on his bills as that of a brave youth who had once dramatized a novel of mine, and all too briefly played the piece, and who was now to come to York for a week of Shakespeare. Perhaps I could not forgive him the recrudescence; at any rate, I did not try to see him, and there was no other social chance for me, except as I could buy in for a few glimpses at the tidy confectioners', where persons of civil condition resorted for afternoon tea. Even to these one could not speak, and I could only do my best in a little mercenary conversation with the bookseller about York histories. The book-stores were not on our scale, and generally the shops in York were not of the modern department type, but were perhaps the pleasanter for that reason.

In my earlier wanderings I made the acquaintance of a most agreeable market-place, stretching the length of two squares, which on a Saturday afternoon I found filled with every manner of bank and booth and canopied counter, three deep, and humming pleasantly with traffic in everything one could eat, drink, wear, or read; there seemed as many book-stalls as fruit-stalls. What I noted equally with the prettiness of the abounding flowers was the mild kindness of the market-people's manners and their extreme anxiety to state exactly the quality of the things they had for sale. They seemed incapable of deceit, but I do not say they really were so. My own transactions were confined to the purchase of some golden-gage plums, and I advise the reader rather to buy greengages; the other plums practised the deception in their looks which their venders abhorred.

## VIII

I wandered in a perfectly contemporary mood through the long ranks and lanes of the marketplace, and did not know till afterward that at one end of it, called the Pavement, the public executions used to take place for those great or small occasions which brought folks to the block or scaffold in the past. I had later some ado to verify the dismal fact from a cluster of people before a tavern who seemed to be taking bets for the Doncaster Week, and I could hardly keep them from booking me for this horse or that when I merely wanted to know whether it was on a certain spot the Earl of Northumberland had his head cut off for leading a rising against Henry IV.; or some such execution.

What riches of story has not York to browbeat withal the storyless New-Yorker who visits her! That Henry IV. was he whom I had lately seen triumphing near Shrewsbury in the final battle of the Roses, where the Red was so bloodily set above the White; and it was his poetic fancy to have Northumberland, when he bade him

come to York, pass through the gateway on which the head of his son, Hotspur Harry, was festering. No wonder the earl led a rising against his liege, who had first mercifully meant to imprison him for life, and then more mercifully pardoned him. But there seems to have been fighting up and down the centuries from the beginning, in York, interspersed with praying and wedding and feasting. After the citizens drove out Conqueror William's garrison, and Earl Waltheof provided against the Normans' return by standing at the castle gate and chopping their heads off with his battle-axe as they came forth, William efficaciously devastated the city and the country as far as Durham. His son William gave it a church, and that "worthy peer," King Stephen, a hospital. In his time the archbishop and barons of York beat the Scotch hard by, and the next Scotch king had to do homage to Henry II. at York for his kingdom. Henry III. married his sister at York to one Scotch king and his daughter to that king's successor. Edward I. and his queen Eleanor honored with their presence the translation of St. William's bones to the Minster; Edward II. retreated from his defeat at Bannockburn to York, and Edward III. was often there for a king's varied occasions of fighting and feasting. Weak Henry VI. and his wilful Margaret, after their defeat at Towton by Edward IV., escaped from the city just in time, and Edward entered York under his own father's head on Micklegate Bar. Richard III. was welcomed there before his rout and death at Bosworth, and was truly mourned by the citizens. Henry VII. wedded Elizabeth, the "White Rose of York," and afterward visited her city; Mary, Queen of Scots, was once in hiding there, and her uncouth son stayed two nights in York on his way to be crowned James I. in London. His son, Charles I., was there early in his reign, and touched many for the king's evil; later, he was there again, but could not cure the sort of king's evil which raged past all magic in the defeat of his followers at Marston Moor by Cromwell. The city yielded to the Puritans, whose temperament had already rather characterized it. James II., as Duke of York, made it his brief sojourn; "proud Cumberland," returning from Culloden after the defeat of the Pretender, visited the city and received its freedom for destroying the last hope of the Stuarts; perhaps the twenty-two rebels who were then put to death in York were executed in the very square where those wicked men thought I was wanting to play the horses. The reigning family has paid divers visits to the ancient metropolis, which was the capital of Britain before London was heard of. The old prophecy of her ultimate primacy must make time if it is to fulfil itself and increase York's seventy-two thousand beyond London's six million.

I should be at a loss to say why its English memories haunted my York less than the Roman associations of the place. They form, however, rather a clutter of incidents, whereas the few spreading facts of Hadrian's stay, the deaths of Severus and Constantius, and the election of Constantine, his son, enlarge themselves to the atmospheric compass of the place, but leave a roominess in which the fancy may more commodiously orb about. I was on terms of more neighborly intimacy with the poor Punic emperor than with any one else in York, doubtless because, when he fell sick, he visited the temple of Bellona near Bootham Bar, and paid his devotions unmolested, let us hope, by any prevision of the misbehavior of his son Caracalla (whose baths I had long ago visited at Rome) in killing his other son Geta. Everywhere I could be an early Christian, in company with Constantine, in whom the instinct of political Christianity must have begun to stir as soon as he was chosen emperor. But I dare say I heard the muted tramp of the Sixth Legion about the Yorkish streets above all other martial sounds because I stayed as long as Doncaster Week would let me in the railway hotel, which so many of their bones made room for when the foundations of it were laid, with those of the adherent station. Their bones seem to have been left there, after the disturbance, but their sepulchres were respectfully transferred to the museum of the Philosophical Society, in the grounds where the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey rise like fragments of pensive music or romantic verse, inviting the moonlight and the nightingale, but, wanting these, make shift with the noonday and the babies in perambulators neglected by nurse-girls reading novels.

[Illustration: ST. MARY'S ABBEY]

The babies and the nurses are not allowed in the museum of antiquities, which is richer in Roman remains than any that one sees outside of Italy. There are floors of mosaic, large and perfect, taken from the villas which people are always digging up in the neighborhood of York, and, from the graves uncovered in the railway excavations, coffins of lead and stone for civilians, and of rude tiles for the soldiers of the Sixth Legion; the slaves were cast into burial-pits of tens and twenties and left to indiscriminate decay till they should be raised in the universal incorruption. Probably the slaves were the earliest Christians at York; certainly the monuments are pagan, as the inmates of the tombs must have been. Some of the monuments bear inscriptions from loving wives and husbands to the partners they have lost, and some of the stone coffins are those of children. It is all infinitely touching, and after two thousand years the heart aches for the fathers and mothers who laid their little ones away in these hard cradles for their last sleep. Faith changes, but constant death remains the same, and life is not

very different in any age, when it comes to the end. The Roman exiles who had come so far to hold my British ancestors in subjection to their alien rule seemed essentially not only of the same make as me, but the same civilization. Their votive altars and inscriptions to other gods expressed a human piety of like anxiety and helplessness with ours, and called to a like irresponsive sky. A hundred witnesses of their mortal state--jars and vases and simple household utensils--fill the shelves of the museum; but the most awful, the most beautiful appeal of the past is in that mass of dark auburn hair which is kept here in a special urn and uncovered for your supreme emotion. It is equally conjectured to be the hair of a Roman lady or of a British princess, but is of a young girl certainly, dressed twenty centuries ago for the tomb in which it was found, and still faintly lucent with the fashionable unguent of the day, and kept in form by pins of jet. One thinks of the little, slender hands that used to put them there, and of the eyes that confronted themselves in the silver mirror under the warm shadow that the red-gold mass cast upon the white forehead. This sanctuary of the past was the most interesting place in that most interesting city of York, and the day of our first visit a princess of New York sat reading a book in the midst of it, waiting for the rain to be over, which was waiting for her to come out and then begin again. We knew her from having seen her at the station in relation to some trunks bearing her initials and those of her native city; and she could be about the age of the York princess or young Roman lady whose hair was kept in the urn hard by.

## X

There is in York a little, old, old church, whose dear and reverend name I have almost forgotten, if ever I knew it, but I think it is Holy Trinity Goodramgate, which divides the heart of my adoration with the Minster. We came to it quite by accident, one of our sad September afternoons, after we had been visiting the Guildhall, Venetianly overhanging the canal calm of the Ouse, and very worthy to be seen for its York histories in stained glass. The custodian had surprised us and the gentlemen of the committee by taking us into the room where they were investigating the claims of the registered voters to the suffrage; and so, much entertained and instructed, we issued forth, and, passing by the church in which Guy Fawkes was baptized, only too ineffectually, we came quite unexpectedly upon Holy Trinity Goodramgate, if that and not another is indeed its name.

It stands sequestered in a little leafy and grassy space of its own, with a wall hardly overlooked on one side by low stone

cottages, the immemorial homes of rheumatism and influenza. The church had the air of not knowing that it is of Perpendicular and Decorated Gothic, with a square, high-shouldered tower, as it bulks up to a very humble height from the turf to the boughs overhead, or that it has a nice girl sketching its doorway, where a few especially favored weddings and funerals may enter. It is open once a year for service, and when the tourist will, or can, for the sight of the time-mellowed, beautiful stained glass of its eastward window. The oaken pews are square and high-shouldered, like the low church tower; and, without, the soft yellow sandstone is crumbling away from the window traceries. The church did not look as if it felt itself a thousand years old, and perhaps it is not; but I never was in a place where I seemed so like a ghost of that antiquity. I had a sense of haunting it, in the inner twilight and the outer sunlight, where a tender wind was stirring the leaves of its embowering trees and scattering them on the graves of my eleventh and twelfth century contemporaries.

## XI

We chose the sunniest morning we could for our visit to Clifford's Tower, which remains witness of the Norman castle the Conqueror built and rebuilt to keep the Danish-Anglian-Roman-British town in awe. But the tower was no part of the original castle, and only testifies of it by hearsay. That was built by Roger de Clifford, who suffered death with his party chief, the Earl of Lancaster, when Edward of York took the city, and it is mainly memorable as the refuge of the Jews whom the Christians had harried out of their homes. They had grown in numbers and riches, when the Jew-hate of 1190 broke out in England, as from time to time the Jew-hate breaks out in Russia now, to much the same cruel effect. They were followed and besieged in the castle, and, seeing that they must be captured, they set fire to the place, and five hundred slew themselves. Some that promised to be Christians came out and were killed by their brethren in Christ. In New York the Christians have grown milder, and now they only keep the Jews out of their clubs and their homes.

[Illustration: CLIFFORD'S TOWER]

The Clifford Tower leans very much to one side, so that as you ascend it for the magnificent view from the top you have to incline yourself the other way, as you do in the Tower of Pisa, to help it keep its balance. The morning of our visit, so gay in its forgetfulness of the tragical past, we found the place in charge of an old soldier, an Irishman who had learned, as custodian, a professional compassion for those poor Jews of nine



hundred years ago, and, being moved by our confession of our nationality, owned to three "nevvies" in New Haven. So small is the world and so closely knit in the ties of a common humanity and a common citizenship, native and adoptive!

The country around York looked so beautiful from Clifford's Tower that we would not be satisfied till we had seen it closer, and we chose a bright, cool September afternoon for our drive out of the town and over the breezy, high levels which surround it. The first British capital could hardly have been more nobly placed, and one could not help grieving that the Ouse should have indolently lost York that early dignity by letting its channel fill up with silt and spoil its navigation. The Thames managed better for York's upstart rival London, and yet the Ouse is not destitute of sea or river craft. These were of both steam and sail, and I myself have witnessed the energy with which the reluctance of the indolent stream is sometimes overcome. I do not suppose that anywhere else, when the wind is low, is a vessel madly hurled through the water at a mile an hour by means of a rope tied to its mast and pulled by a fatherly old horse under the intermittent drivership of two boys whom he could hardly keep to the work. I loved the banks of a stream where one could see such a triumph of man over nature, and where nature herself was so captivating. All that grassy and shady neighborhood seemed a public promenade, where on a Sunday one could see the lower middle classes in their best and brightest, and it had for all its own the endearing and bewitching name of Ings. Why cannot we have Ings by the Hudson side?

\* \* \* \* \*

## TWO YORKISH EPISODES

Certainly I had not come to York, as certainly I would not have gone anywhere, for battle-fields, but becoming gradually sensible in that city that the battle of Marston Moor was fought a few miles away, and my enemy Charles I. put to one of his worst defeats there, I bought a third-class ticket and ran out to the place one day for whatever emotion awaited me there.

I

At an English station you are either overwhelmed with

transportation, or you are without any except such as you were born with, and at the station for Marston Moor I asked for a fly in vain. But it was a most walkable afternoon, and the pleasant road into the region which the station-master indicated as that I was seeking invited the foot by its level stretch, sometimes under wayside trees, but mostly between open fields, newly reaped and still yellow with their stubble, or green with the rowen clover. Sometimes it ran straight and sometimes it curved, but it led so rarely near any human habitation that one would rather not have met any tramps beside one's self on it. Presently I overtook one, a gentle old farm-wife, a withered blonde, whom I helped with the bundles she bore in either hand, in the hope that she could tell me whether I was near Marston Moor or not. But she could tell me only, what may have been of higher human interest, that her husband had the grass farm of a hundred and fifty acres, which we were coming to, for seventy-five pounds a year; and they had their own cattle, sheep, and horses, and were well content with themselves. She excused herself for not knowing more than vaguely of the battle-field, as not having been many years in the neighborhood; and being now come to a gate in the fields, she thanked me and took her way up a grassy path to the pleasant farmhouse I saw in the distance.

It must have been about this time that it rained, having shone long enough for English weather, and it hardly held up before I was overtaken by a friendly youth on a bicycle, whom I stayed with the question uppermost in my mind. He promptly got off his wheel to grapple with the problem. He was a comely young fellow, an artisan of some sort from a neighboring town, and he knew the country well, but he did not know where my lost battle-field was. He was sure that it was near by: but he was sure there was no monument to mark the spot. Then we parted friends, with many polite expressions, and he rode on and I walked on.

For a mile and more I met no other wayfarer, and as I felt that it was time to ask for Marston Moor again, I was very glad to be overtaken by a gentleman driving in a dog-cart, with his pretty young daughter on the wide seat with him. He halted at sight of the elderly pilgrim, and hospitably asked if he could not give him a lift, alleging that there was plenty of room. He was interested in my search, which he was not able definitely to promote, but he believed that if I would drive with him to his place I could find the battle-field, and, anyhow, I could get a trap back from the The Sun. I pleaded the heat I was in from walking, and the danger for an old fellow of taking cold in a drive through the cool air; and then, as old fellows do, we bantered each other about our ages, each claiming to be older than the other, and the kind, sweet young girl sat listening with that tolerance of youth for the triviality of age which is so

charming. When he could do no more, he said he was sorry, and wished me luck, and drove on; and I being by this time tired with my three miles' tramp, took advantage of a wayside farmhouse, the first in all the distance, and went in and asked for a cup of tea.

The farm-wife, who came in out of her back garden to answer my knock, pleaded regretfully that her fire was down; but she thought I could get tea at the next house; and she was very conversable about the battle-field. She did not know just where it was, but she was sure it was quite a mile farther on; and at that I gave up the hope of it along with the tea. This is partly the reader's loss, for I have no doubt I could have been very graphic about it if I had found it; but as for Marston Moor, I feel pretty certain that if it ever existed it does not now. A moor, as I understand, implies a sort of wildness, but nothing could be more domestic than the peaceful fields between which I had come so far, and now easily found my way back to the station. Easily, I say, but there was one point where the road forked, though I was sure it had not forked before, and I felt myself confronted with some sort, any sort, of exciting adventure. By taking myself firmly in hand, and saying, "It was yonder to the left where I met my kind bicycler, and we vainly communed of my evanescent battle-field," and so keeping on, I got safely to the station with nothing more romantic in my experience than a thrilling apprehension.

## II

I quite forgot Marston Moor in my self-gratulation and my recognition of the civility from every one which had so ineffectively abetted my search. Simple and gentle, how hospitable they had all been to my vain inquiry, and how delicately they had forborne to visit the stranger with the irony of the average American who is asked anything, especially anything he does not know! I went thinking that the difference was a difference between human nature long mellowed to its conditions, and human nature rasped on its edges and fretted by novel circumstances to a provisional harshness. I chose to fancy that unhuman nature sympathized with the English mood; in the sheep bleating from the pastures I heard the note of Wordsworth's verse; and by the sky, hung in its low blue with rough, dusky clouds, I was canopied as with a canvas of Constable's.

It was the more pity, then, that at the station a shooting party, approaching from the other quarter with their servants and guns and dogs, and their bags of hares and partridges, should have given English life another complexion to the wanderer so willing

to see it always rose color. The gunners gained the station platform first, and at once occupied the benches, strewing all the vacant places with their still bleeding prey. I did not fail of the opportunity to see in them the arrogance of class, which I had hitherto so vainly expected, and I disabled their looks by finding them as rude as their behavior. How different they were from the kind bicycler, or the gentleman in the dog-cart, or either one of the farm-wives who sorrowed so civilly not to know where my lost battle-field was!

In England, it is always open to the passenger to enforce a claim to his share of the public facilities, but I chose to go into the licensed victualler's next the station and sit down to a peaceable cup of tea rather than contest a place on that bloody benching; and so I made the acquaintance of an interior out of literature, such as my beloved Thomas Hardy likes to paint. On a high-backed rectangular settle rising against the wall, and almost meeting in front of the comfortable range, sat a company of rustics, stuffing themselves with cold meat, washed down with mugs of ale, and cozily talking. They gained indefinitely in my interest from being served by a lame woman, with a rhythmical limp, and I hope it was not for my demerit that I was served apart in the chillier parlor, when I should have liked so much to stay and listen to the rustic tale or talk. The parlor was very depressingly papered, but on its walls I had the exalted company of his Majesty the King, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the late Premier, the Marquis of Salisbury, and, for no assignable reason except a general fitness for high society, the twelve Apostles in Da Vinci's *‘Last Supper’*, together with an appropriate view of York Minster.

### III

I do not pretend this search for the battle-field of Marston Moor was the most exciting episode of my stay in York. In fact, I think it was much surpassed in a climax of dramatic poignancy incident to our excursion to Bishopsthorpe, down the Ouse, on one of the cosey little steamers which ply the stream without unreasonably crowding it against its banks. It was a most silvery September afternoon when we started from the quay at York, and after escaping from embarkment on a boat going in the wrong direction, began, with no unseemly swiftness, to scuttle down the current. It was a perfect voyage, as perfect as any I ever made on the Mississippi, the Ohio, the St. Lawrence, or the Hudson, on steamers in whose cabins our little boat would have lost itself. We had a full but not crowded company of passengers, overflowing into a skiff at our stern, in which a father and mother, with three women friends, preferred the high excitement of being towed

to Bishopsthorpe, where it seemed that the man of the party knew the gardener. With each curve of the river and with each remove we got the city in more and more charming retrospective, till presently its roofs and walls and spires and towers were lost in the distance, and we were left to the sylvan or pastoral loveliness of the low shores. Here and there at a pleasant interval from the river a villa rose against a background of rounded tree tops, with Lombardy poplars picking themselves out before it, but for the most part the tops of the banks, with which we stood even on our deck, retreated from the waterside willows in levels of meadow-land, where white and red cows were grazing, and now and then young horses romping away from groups of their elders. It was all dear and kind and sweet, with a sort of mid-Western look in its softness (as the English landscape often has), and the mud-banks were like those of my native Ohio Valley rivers. The effect was heightened, on our return, by an aged and virtuously poor (to all appearance) flageolet and cornet band, playing \_"Way down upon the Suwanee River\_", while the light played in "ditties no-tone" over the groves and pastures of the shore, and the shadows stretched themselves luxuriously out as if for a long night's sleep. There has seldom been such a day since I began to grow old; a soft September gale ruffled and tossed the trees finely, and a subtle Italian quality mixed with the American richness of the sunshiny air; so that I thought we reached Bishopsthorpe only too soon, and I woke from a pleasant reverie to be told that the steamer could not land with us, but we must be taken ashore in the small boat which we saw putting out for us from its moorings. To this day I do not know why the steamer could not land, but perhaps the small boat had a prescriptive right in the matter. At any rate, it was vigorously manned by a woman, who took tuppence from each of us for her service, and presently earned it by the interest she showed in our getting to the Archbishop's palace, or villa, the right way.

[Illustration: YORK AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER]

So we went round by an alluring road to its forking, where, looking up to the left, we could see a pretty village behind Lombardy poplars, and coming down toward us in a victoria for their afternoon drive, two charmingly dressed ladies, with bright parasols, and looking very county-family, as we poor Americans imagine such things out of English fiction. We entered the archiepiscopal grounds through a sympathetic Gothic screen, as I will call the overture to the Gothic edifice in my defect of architectural terminology, though perhaps gateway would be simpler; and found ourselves in the garden, and in the company of those people we had towed down behind our steamer. They were with their friend, the gardener, and, claiming their acquaintance as fellow-passengers, we made favor with him to see the house. The

housekeeper, or some understudy of hers, who received us, said the family were away, but she let us follow her through. That is more than I will let the reader do, for I know the duty of the cultivated American to the intimacies of the gentle English life; it is only with the simple life that I ever make free; there, I own, I have no scruple. But I will say (with my back turned conscientiously to the interior) that nothing could be lovelier than the outlook from the dining-room, and the whole waterfront of the house, on the wavy and willowy Ouse, and that I would willingly be many times an archbishop to have that prospect at all my meals.

#### IV

We despatched our visit so promptly that we got back to our boat-woman's cottage a full hour before our steamer was to call for us. She had an afternoon fire kindled in her bright range, from the oven of which came already the odor of agreeable baking. Upon this hint we acted, and asked if tea were possible. It was, and jam sandwiches as well, or if we preferred buttered tea-cake, with or without currants, to jam sandwiches, there would be that presently. We preferred both, and we sat down in that pleasant parlor-kitchen, and listened, till the tea-cake came out of the oven and was split open and buttered smoking hot, to a flow of delightful and instructive talk. For our refecation we paid sixpence each, but for our edification we are still, and hope ever to be, in debt. Our hostess was of a most cheerful philosophy, such as could not be bought of most modern philosophers for money. The flour for our tea-cakes, she said, was a shilling fivepence a stone, "And not too much for growing and grinding it, and all." Every week-day morning she rose at half-past four, and got breakfast for her boys, who then rode their bicycles, or, in the snow, walked, all the miles of our voyage into York, where they worked in the railway shops. No, they did not belong to any union; the railway men did not seem to care for it; only a "benefit union."

She kept the house for her family, and herself ready to answer every hail from the steamer; but in her mellow English content, which was not stupid or sodden, but clever and wise, it was as if it were she, rather than the archbishop, whose nature expressed itself in a motto on one of the palace walls, "Blessed be the Lord who loadeth us with blessings every day."

When the range, warming to its work, had made her kitchen-parlor a little too hot to hold us, she hospitably suggested the river shore as cooler, where she knew a comfortable log we could sit on. Thither she presently followed when the steamer's whistle

sounded, and held her boat for us to get safely in. The most nervous of our party offered the reflection, as she sculled us out into the stream to overhaul the pausing steamer, that she must find the ferry business very shattering to the nerves, and she said,

"Yes, but it's nothing to a murder case I was on, once."

"Oh, what murder, what murder?" we palpitated back; and both of us forgot the steamer, so that it almost ran us down, while our ferrywoman began again:

"A man shot a nurse--There! Throw that line, will you?"

But he, who ought to have thrown the line for her, in his distraction let her drop her oar and throw the line herself, and then we scrambled aboard without hearing any more of the murder.

This is the climax I have been working up to, and I call it a fine one; as good as a story to be continued ever ended an instalment with.

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## "THE ---- YANKEES"

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Funny Bone*, edited by Henry Martyn Kieffer  
1910

When Sherman's army was making its great march through Georgia the colored people were, of course, very much excited over the news of the approach of the Northern army. They had very little idea of what Northern soldiers looked like, but had commonly heard them spoken of as "the dam Yankees." In a certain part of Georgia, when they heard of the approach of the great army, the darkies held a prayer-meeting, and one old fellow prayed--"O Lawd, bress Massa Linkum, an' bress Gin'l Sherman. O Lawd, he's one o' us. He got a white skin, but he got a black heart, he one o' us. An', O Lawd, bress all dem dam Yankees!"

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Recipes from the Project Gutenberg EBook of Mrs. Beeton's Dictionary of Every-Day Cookery, by Isabella Mary Beeton

YEAST-CAKE.

Ingredients.—1½ lb. of flour, ½ lb. of butter, ½ pint of milk, 1½ tablespoonful of good yeast, 3 eggs, ¾ lb. of currants, ½ lb. of white moist sugar, 2 oz. of candied peel. Mode.—Put the milk and butter into a saucepan, and shake it round over a fire until the butter is melted, but do not allow the milk to get very hot. Put the flour into a basin, stir to it the milk and butter, the yeast and eggs, which should be well beaten, and form the whole into a smooth dough. Let it stand in a warm place, covered with a cloth, to rise, and, when sufficiently risen, add the currants, sugar, and candied peel cut into thin slices. When all the ingredients are thoroughly mixed, line 2 moderate-sized cake-tins with buttered paper, which should be about six inches higher than the tin; pour in the mixture, let it stand to rise again for another ½ hour, and then bake the cakes in a brisk oven for about 1½ hour. If the tops of them become too brown, cover them with paper until they are done through. A few drops of essence of lemon, or a little grated nutmeg, may be added when the flavour is liked. Time.—From 1¼ to 1½ hour. Average cost, 2\_s. Sufficient to make 2 moderate-sized cakes. Seasonable at any time.

YEAST-DUMPLINGS.

Ingredients.—½ quartern of dough, boiling water. Mode.—Make a very light dough as for bread, using to mix it, milk, instead of water; divide it into 7 or 8 dumplings; plunge them into boiling water, and boil them for 20 minutes. Serve the instant they are taken up, as they spoil directly, by falling and becoming heavy; and in eating them do not touch them with a knife, but tear them apart with two forks. They may be eaten with meat gravy, or cold butter and sugar; and if not convenient to make the dough at home, a little from the baker's answers as well, only it must be placed for a few minutes near the fire, in a basin with a cloth over it, to let it rise again before it is made into dumplings. Time.—20 minutes. Average cost, 4\_d. Sufficient for 5 or 6 persons. Seasonable at any time.

YEAST, to Make, for Bread.

Ingredients.—1½ oz. of hops, 3 quarts of water, 1 lb. of bruised malt, ½ pint of yeast. Mode.—Boil the hops in the water for 20 minutes; let it stand for about 5 minutes, then add it to 1 lb. of bruised malt prepared as for brewing. Let the mixture stand covered



till about lukewarm; then put in not quite  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of yeast; keep it warm, and let it work 3 or 4 hours; then put it into small  $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint bottles (ginger-beer bottles are the best for the purpose), cork them well, and tie them down. The yeast is now ready for use; it will keep good for a few weeks, and 1 bottle will be found sufficient for 18 lbs. of flour. When required for use, boil 3 lbs. of potatoes without salt, mash them in the same water in which they were boiled, and rub them through a colander. Stir in about  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of flour; then put in the yeast, pour it in the middle of the flour, and let it stand warm on the hearth all night, and in the morning let it be quite warm when it is kneaded. The bottles of yeast require very careful opening, as it is generally exceedingly ripe. \_Time.\_—20 minutes to boil the hops and water, the yeast to work 3 or 4 hours. \_Sufficient.\_— $\frac{1}{2}$  pint sufficient for 18 lbs. of flour.

YEAST, Kirkleatham.

\_Ingredients.\_—2 oz. of hops, 4 quarts of water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of yeast. \_Mode.\_—Boil the hops and water for 20 minutes; strain, and mix with the liquid  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of flour and not quite  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of yeast. Bottle it up, and tie the corks down. When wanted for use, boil potatoes according to the quantity of bread to be made (about 3 lbs. are sufficient for about a peck of flour); mash them, add to them  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of flour, and mix about  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of the yeast with them; let this mixture stand all day, and lay the bread to rise the night before it is wanted. \_Time.\_—20 minutes to boil the hops and water. \_Sufficient.\_— $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of this yeast sufficient for a peck of flour, or rather more.

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**Recipes** from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Cloud City Cook-Book*, by Mrs. William H. Nash

YEAST.

Peel and boil eight common-sized potatoes in two quarts of water, with one handful of hops tied up in a thin bag. When the potatoes are done, mash them fine, add one pint of flour, one tablespoon ginger, and one-half cup sugar; mix thoroughly, then, having added more water to make up for what has boiled away, turn on the water in which the potatoes and hops were boiled, boiling hot, stirring it well. When quite warm, but not hot, add one cup of yeast. After it is done working, add one tablespoon salt.--Mrs. C. H. Bailey.

SALAD DRESSING. (YOLKS)

Yolks of three eggs, two teaspoons wet mustard, one-half cup vinegar,

two tablespoons sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, two teaspoons butter. Heat vinegar and butter, add other ingredients, and cook until thick as cream.--Mrs. H. C. Dimick.

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**Recipes** from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The International Jewish Cook Book*  
by Florence Kreisler Greenbaum

#### YOM-TOV SOUP

Take two pounds of ribs of beef and one chicken. Place in a large cooking-vessel with plenty of water and add a split carrot and onion, a head of celery, a little parsley root, pepper and salt to taste, and a pinch of saffron. Let the whole simmer for two hours. The meat is then removed and can be used as a separate dish.

#### MATZOTH MEAL KLEIS, No. 1

This is an accompaniment of the Yom-tov soup described above. To each tablespoon of matzoth meal take one egg. Beat the egg separately, adding a very little ground ginger, powdered cinnamon, ground almond, pepper and salt. Now stir in the matzoth meal and make into a paste with chicken fat or clarified dripping. Form this paste into small balls and boil them for twenty minutes in the Yom-tov soup.

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### **"OH, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW WOMEN ARE!"**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *'Oh, Well, You Know How Women Are!'*, by Irwin Shrewsbury Cobb

She emerges from the shop. She is any woman, and the shop from which she emerges is any shop in any town. She has been shopping. This does not imply that she has been buying anything or that she has contemplated buying anything, but merely that she has been shopping--a very different pursuit from buying. Buying implies business for the shop; shopping merely implies business for the clerks.

As stated, she emerges. In the doorway she runs into a woman of her acquaintance. If she likes the other woman she is cordial. But if she does not like her she is very, very cordial. A woman's aversion for another woman moving in the same social stratum in which she herself moves may readily be appraised. Invariably it is in inverse ratio to the apparent affection she displays upon encountering the object of her

disfavor. Why should this be? I cannot answer. It is not given for us to know.

Very well, then, she meets the other woman at the door. They stop for conversation. Two men meeting under the same condition would mechanically draw away a few paces, out of the route of persons passing in or out of the shop. No particular play of the mental processes would actuate them in so doing; an instinctive impulse, operating mechanically and subconsciously, would impel them to remove themselves from the main path of foot travel. But this woman and her acquaintance take root right there. Persons dodge round them and glare at them. Other persons bump into them, and are glared at by the two traffic blockers. Where they stand they make a knot of confusion.

But does it occur to either of them to suggest that they might step aside, five feet or ten, and save themselves, and the pedestrian classes generally, a deal of delay and considerable annoyance? It does not. It never will. If the meeting took place in a narrow passageway or on a populous staircase or at the edge of the orbit of a set of swinging doors or on a fire escape landing upon the front of a burning building, while one was going up to aid in the rescue and the other was coming down to be saved--if it took place just outside the Pearly Gates on the Last Day when the quick and the dead, called up for judgment, were streaming in through the portals--still would they behave thus. Where they met would be where they stopped to talk, regardless of the consequences to themselves, regardless of impediment to the movements of their fellow beings.

Having had her say with her dear friend or her dear enemy, as the case may be, our heroine proceeds to the corner and hails a passing street car. Because her heels are so high and her skirts are so snug, she takes about twice the time to climb aboard that a biped in trousers would take. Into the car she comes, teetering and swaying. The car is no more than comfortably filled. True, all the seats at the back where she has entered are occupied; but up at the front there still is room for another sittee or two. Does she look about her to ascertain whether there is any space left? I need not pause for reply. I know it already, and so do you. Midway of the aisle-length she stops and reaches for a strap. She makes an appealing picture, compounded of blindness, helplessness, and discomfort. She has clinging vine written all over her. She craves to cling, but there is no trellis. So she swings from her strap.

The passengers nearest her are all men. She stares at them, accusingly. One of them bends forward to touch her and tell her that there is room for her up forward; but now there aren't any seats left. Male passengers, swinging aboard behind her, have already scrouged on by her and taken the vacant places.

In the mind of one of the men in her immediate vicinity chivalry triumphs over impatience. He gives a shrug of petulance, arises and begs her to have his seat. She is not entitled to it on any ground, save compassion upon his part. By refusing to use the eyes in her head she has forfeited all right to special consideration. But he surrenders his place to her and she takes it.

The car bumps along. The conductor, making his rounds, reaches her. She knows he is coming; at least she should know it. A visit from the conductor has been a feature of every one of the thousands of street-car rides that she has taken in her life. She might have been getting her fare ready for him. There are a dozen handy spots where she might have had a receptacle built for carrying small change--in a pocket in her skirt, in a fob at her belt, in her sleeve or under her cuff. Counting fob pockets and change pockets, a man has from nine to fifteen pockets in his everyday garments. If also he is wearing an overcoat, add at least three more pockets to the total. It would seem that she might have had at least one dependable pocket. But she has none.

The conductor stops, facing her, and meanwhile wearing on his face that air of pained resignation which is common to the faces of conductors on transportation lines that are heavily patronized by women travelers. In mute demand he extends toward her a soiled palm. With hands encased in oversight gloves she fumbles at the catch of a hand bag. Having wrested the hand bag open, she paws about among its myriad and mysterious contents. A card of buttons, a sheaf of samples, a handkerchief, a powder puff for inducing low visibility of the human nose, a small parcel of something, a nail file, and other minor articles are disclosed before she disinters her purse from the bottom of her hand bag. Another struggle with the clasp of the purse ensues; finally, one by one, five coppers are fished up out of the depths and presented to the conductor. The lady has made a difficult, complicated rite of what might have been a simple and a swift formality.

The car proceeds upon its course. She sits in her seat, wearing that look of comfortable self-absorption which a woman invariably wears when she is among strangers, and when she feels herself to be well dressed and making a satisfactory public appearance. She comes out of her trance with a start on discovering that the car has passed her corner or is about to pass it. All flurried, she arises and signals the conductor that she is alighting here. From her air and her expression, we may gather that, mentally, she holds him responsible for the fact that she has been carried on beyond her proper destination.

The car having stopped, she makes her way to the rear platform and gets off--gets off the wrong way. That is to say, she gets off with face toward the rear. Thus is achieved a twofold result: She blocks the way of anyone who may be desirous of getting aboard the car as she gets off of it, and if the car should start up suddenly, before her feet have

touched the earth, or before her grip on the hand rail has been relaxed, she will be flung violently down upon the back of her head.

From the time he is a small boy until he is in his dotage, a man swings off a car, facing in the direction in which the car is headed. Then, a premature turn of a wheel pitches him forward with a good chance to alight upon his feet, whereas the same thing happening when he was facing in the opposite direction would cause him to tumble over backward, with excellent prospects of cracking his skull. But in obedience to an immutable but inexplicable vagary of sex, a woman follows the patently wrong, the obviously dangerous, the plainly awkward system.

As the conductor rings the starting bell, he glances toward a man who is riding on the rear platform.

"Kin you beat 'um?" says the conductor. "I ast you--kin you beat 'um?"

The man to whom he has put the question is a married man. Being in this state of marriage he appreciates that the longer you live with them the less able are you to fathom the workings of their minds with regard to many of the simpler things of life. Speaking, therefore, from the heights of his superior understanding, he says in reply:

"Oh, well, you know how women are!"

We know how women are. But nobody knows why they are as they are.

Please let me make myself clear on one point: As an institution, and as individuals, I am for women. They constitute, and deservedly too, the most popular sex we have. Since away back yonder I have been in favor of granting them suffrage. For years I have felt it as a profound conviction that the franchise should be expanded at one end and abridged at the other--made larger to admit some of the women, made smaller to bar out some of the men. I couldn't think of very many reasons why the average woman should want to mix in politics, but if she did wish so to mix and mingle, I couldn't think of a single valid reason why she should not have full permission, not as a privilege, not as a boon, but as a common right. Nor could I bring myself to share, in any degree, the apprehension of some of the anti-suffragists who held that giving women votes would take many of them entirely out of the state of motherhood. I cannot believe that all the children of the future are going to be born on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. Surely some of them will be born on other dates. Indeed the only valid argument against woman suffrage that I could think of was the conduct of some of the women who have been for it.

To myself I often said:

"Certainly I favor giving them the vote. Seeing what a mess the members of my own sex so often make of the job of trying to run the country, I don't anticipate that the Republic will go upon the shoals immediately after women begin voting and campaigning and running for office. At the helm of the ship of state we've put some pretty sad steersman from time to time. Better the hand that rocks the cradle than the hand that rocks the boat. We men have let slip nearly all of the personal liberties for which our fathers fought and bled--that is to say, fought the Britishers and bled the Injuns. Ever since the Civil War we have been so dummed busy telling the rest of the world how free we were that we failed to safeguard that freedom of which we boasted.

"We commiserate the Englishman because he chooses to live under an hereditary president called a king, while we are amply content to go on living under an elected king called a president. We cannot understand why he, a free citizen of the free-est country on earth, insists on calling himself a subject; but we are reconciled to the fiction of proclaiming ourselves citizens, while each day, more and more, we are becoming subjects--the subjects of sumptuary legislation, the subjects of statutes framed by bigoted or frightened lawgivers, the subjects of arbitrary mandates and of arbitrary decrees, the subjects, the abject, cringing subjects, of the servant classes, the police classes, the labor classes, the capitalistic classes."

Naturally, as a Democrat I have felt these things with enhanced bitterness when the Republicans were in office; nevertheless, I have felt them at other times, too. And, continuing along this line of thought, I have repeatedly said to myself:

"In view of these conditions, let us give 'em the vote--eventually, but not just yet. While still we have control of the machinery of the ballot let us put them on probation, as it were. They claim to be rational creatures; very well, then, make 'em prove it. Let us give 'em the vote just as soon as they have learned the right way in which to get off of a street car."

In this, though, I have changed my mind. I realize now that the demand was impossible, that it was--oh, well, you know what women are!

We have given woman social superiority; rather she has acquired it through having earned it. Shortly she will have been put on a basis of political equality with men in all the states of the Union. Now she thinks she wants economic equality. But she doesn't; she only thinks she does. If she should get it she would refuse to abide by its natural limitations on the one side and its natural expansions for her sphere of economic development on the other. For, temperamentally, God so fashioned her that never can she altogether quit being the clinging vine and become the sturdy oak. She'll insist on having all the prerogatives of the oak, but at the same time she will strive to retain the special

considerations accorded to the vine which clings. If I know anything about her dear, wonderful, incomprehensible self, she belongs to the sex which would eat its cake and have it, too. Some men are constructed after this design. But nearly all women are.

Give her equal opportunities with men in business--put her on the same footing and pay to her the same salary that a man holding a similar job is paid. So far so good. But then, as her employer, undertake to hand out to her exactly the same treatment which the man holding a like position expects and accepts. There's where Mr. Boss strikes a snag. The salary she will take--oh, yes--but she arrogates to herself the sweet boon of weeping when things distress her, and, when things harass her, of going off into tantrums of temper which no man in authority, however patient, would tolerate on the part of another man serving under him.

Grant to her equal powers, equal responsibilities, equal favors and a pay envelope on Saturday night containing as much money as her male co-worker receives. That is all very well; but seek, however gently, however tactfully, however diplomatically, to suggest to her that a simpler, more businesslike garb than the garb she favors would be the sane and the sensible thing for business wear in business hours. And then just see what happens.

A working woman who, through the working day, dresses in plain, neat frocks with no jangling bracelets upon her arms, no foolish furbelows at her wrists, no vain adornments about her throat, no exaggerated coiffure, is a delight to the eye and, better still, she fits the setting of her environment. Two of the most competent and dependable human beings I know are both of them women. One is the assistant editor of a weekly magazine. The other is the head of an important department in an important industry. In the evening you would never find a woman better groomed or, if the occasion demand, more ornately rigged-out than either one of these young women will be. But always, while on duty, they wear a correct and proper costume for the work they are doing, and they match the picture. These two, though, are, I think, exceptions to the rule of their sex.

Trained nurses wear the most becoming uniforms, and the most suitable, considering their calling, that were ever devised. To the best of my knowledge and belief there is no record where a marriageable male patient on the road to recovery and in that impressionable mood which accompanies the convalescence of an ordinarily healthy man, failed to fall in love with his nurse. A competent, professional nurse who has the added advantage on her side of being comely--and it is powerfully hard for her to avoid being comely in her spotless blue and starched white--stands more chances of getting the right sort of man for a husband than any billionaire's daughter alive.

But I sometimes wonder what weird sartorial eccentricities some of them

would indulge in did not convention and the standing laws of their profession require of them that they all dress after a given pattern. And if the owners and managers of big city shops once lifted the rule prescribing certain modes for their female working staffs--if they should give their women clerks a free hand in choosing their own wardrobes for store hours--well, you know how women are!

Nevertheless and to the contrary notwithstanding, I will admit while I am on this phase of my topic that there likewise is something to be said in dispraise of my own sex too. In the other--and better half of this literary double sketch-team act, my admired and talented friend, Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, cites chapter and verse to prove the unaccountable vagaries of some men in the matter of dress. There she made but one mistake--a mistake of under-estimation. She mentioned specifically some men; she should have included all men.

The only imaginable reason why any rational he-biped of adult age clings to the habiliments ordained for him by the custom and the tailors of this generation, is because he is used to them. A man can stand anything once he gets used to it because getting used to a thing commonly means that the habitee has quit worrying about it. And yet since the dawn of time when Adam poked fun at Eve's way of wearing her fig-leaf and on down through the centuries until the present day and date it has ever been the custom of men to gibe at the garments worn by women. Take our humorous publications, which I scarcely need point out are edited by men. Hardly could our comic weeklies manage to come out if the jokes about the things which women wear were denied to them as fountain-sources of inspiration. To the vaudeville monologist his jokes about his wife and his mother-in-law and to the comic sketch artist his pictures setting forth the torments of the stock husband trying to button the stock gown of a stock wife up her stock back--these are dependable and inevitable stand-bys.

Women do wear maniacal garments sometimes; that there is no denying. But on the other hand styles for women change with such frequency that no quirk of fashion however foolish and disfiguring ever endures for long enough to work any permanent injury in the health of its temporarily deluded devotees. Nothing I can think of gets old-fashioned with such rapidity as a feminine fashion unless it is an egg.

If this season a woman's skirt is so scantily fashioned that as she hobbles along she has the appearance of being leg-shackled, like the lady called Salammbo, it is as sure as shooting that, come next season, she will have leapt to the other extreme and her draperies will be more than amply voluminous. If this winter her sleeves are like unto sausage casings for tightness, be prepared when spring arrives to see her wearing practically all the sleeves there are. About once in so often she is found wearing a mode which combines beauty with saneness but that often is not very often.



But even when they are at apogee of sartorial ridiculousness I maintain that the garments of women, from the comfort standpoint, anyhow, are not any more foolish than the garments to which the average man is incurably addicted. If women are vassals to fashion men are slaves to convention, and fashion has the merit that it alters overnight, whereas convention is a slow moving thing that stands still a long time before it does move. Convention is the wooden Indian of civilization; but fashion is a merry-go-round.

In the Temperate zone in summertime, Everywoman looks to be cooler than Everyman--and by the same token is cooler. In the winter she wears lighter garments than he would dream of wearing, and yet stays warmer than he does, can stand more exposure without outward evidence of suffering than he can stand, and is less susceptible than he to colds and grips and pneumonias. Compare the thinness of her heaviest outdoor wrap with the thickness of his lightest ulster, or the heft of her so-called winter suit with the weight of the outer garments which he wears to business, and if you are yourself a man you will wonder why she doesn't freeze stiff when the thermometer falls to the twenty-above mark. Observe her in a ballroom that is overheated in the corners and draughty near the windows, as all ballrooms are. Her neck and her throat, her bosom and arms are bare. Her frock is of the filmiest gossamer stuff; her slippers are paper thin, her stockings the sheerest of textures, yet she doesn't sniff and her nose doesn't turn red and the skin upon her exposed shoulders refuses to goose-flesh. She is the marvel of the ages. She is neither too warm nor too cold; she is just right. Consider now her male companion in his gala attire. One minute he is wringing wet with perspiration; that is when he is dancing. The next minute he is visibly congealing. That is because he has stopped to catch his breath.

Why this difference between the sexes? The man is supposed to be the hardier creature of the two, but he can't prove it. Of course there may be something in the theory that when a woman feels herself to be smartly dressed, an exaltation of soul lifts her far above realization of bodily discomfort. But I make so bold as to declare that the real reason why she is comfortable and he is not, lies in the fact that despite all eccentricities of costume in which she sometimes indulges, Everywoman goes about more rationally clad than Everyman does.

For the sake of comparing two horrible examples, let us take a woman esteemed to be over-dressed at all points and angles where she is not under-dressed, and, mentally, let us place alongside her a man who by the standards of his times and his contemporaries is conventionally garbed. To find the woman we want, we probably must travel to New York and seek her out in a smart restaurant at night. Occasionally she is found elsewhere but it is only in New York, that city where so many of the young women are prematurely old and so many of the old women are

prematurely young, that she abounds in sufficient profusion to become a common type instead of an infrequent one. This woman is waging that battle against the mounting birthdays which nobody ever yet won. Her hair has been dyed in those rich autumnal tints which are so becoming to a tree in its Indian summer, but so unbecoming to a woman in hers. Richard K. Fox might have designed her jewelry; she glistens with diamonds until she makes you think of the ice coming out of the Hudson River in the early spring. But about her complexion there is no suggestion of a March thaw. For it is a climate-proof shellac. Her eyebrows are the self-made kind, and her lips were done by hand. Her skirt is too short for looks and too tight for comfort; she is tightly prisoned at the waistline and not sufficiently confined in the bust. There is nothing natural or rational anywhere about her. She is as artificial as a tin minnow and she glitters like one.

Next your attention is invited to the male of the species. He is assumed to be dressed in accordance with the dictates of good taste and with due regard for all the ordinary proprieties. But is he? Before deciding whether he is or isn't, let us look him over, starting from the feet and working upward. A matter of inches above his insteps brings us to the bottom of his trouser-legs. Now these trouser-legs of his are morally certain to be too long, in which event they billow down over his feet in slovenly and ungraceful folds, or they are too short, in which event there is an awkward, ugly cross-line just above his ankles. If he is a thin man, his dress waistcoat bulges away from his breastbone so the passerby can easily discover what brand of suspenders he fancies; but if he be stoutish, the waistcoat has a little way of hitching along up his mid-riff inch by inch until finally it has accordion-pleated itself in overlapping folds thwartwise of his tummy, coyly exposing an inch or so of clandestine shirt-front.

It requires great will-power on the part of the owner and constant watchfulness as well to keep a fat man's dress waistcoat from behaving like a railroad folder. His dinner coat or his tail coat, if he wears a tail coat, is invariably too tight in the sleeves; nine times out of ten it binds across the back between the shoulders, and bulges out in a pouch effect at the collar. His shirt front, if hard-boiled, is as cold and clammy as a morgue slab when first he puts it on; but as hot and sticky as a priming of fresh glue after he has worn it for half an hour in an overheated room--and all public rooms in America are overheated. Should it be of the pleated or medium well-done variety, no power on earth can keep it from appearing rumpled and untidy; that is, no power can if the wearer be a normal man. I am not speaking of professional he-beauties or models for the illustrations of haberdashers' advertisements in the magazines. His collar, which is a torturer's device of stiff linen and yielding starch, is not a comparatively modern product as some have imagined. It really dates back to the Spanish Inquisition where it enjoyed a great vogue. Faring abroad, he encloses his head, let us say in a derby hat. Some people think the homeliest

thing ever devised by man is Grant's Tomb. Others favor the St. Louis Union Depot. But I am pledged to the derby hat. And the high or two-quart hat runs second.

This being the case for and against the parties concerned, I submit to the reader's impartial judgment the following question for a decision: Taking everything into consideration, which of these two really deserves the booby prize for unbecoming apparel--the woman who plainly is dressed in bad form or the man who is supposed to be dressed in good form? But this I will say for him as being in his favor. He has sense enough to wear plenty of pockets. And in his most infatuated moments he never wears nether garments so tight that he can't step in 'em. Can I say as much for woman? I cannot.

A few pages back I set up the claim that woman, considered as a sex and not as an exceptional type, cannot divorce the social relation from the economic. I think of an illustration to prove my point: In business two men may be closely associated. They may be room-mates besides; chums, perhaps, at the same club; may borrow money from each other and wear each other's clothes; and yet, so far as any purely confidential relation touching on the private sides of their lives is concerned, may remain as far apart as the poles.

It is hard to imagine two women, similarly placed, behaving after the same common-sense standards. Each insists upon making a confidante of her partner. Their intimacy becomes a thing complicated with extraneous issues, with jointly shared secrets, with disclosures as to personal likes and dislikes, which should have no part in it if there is to be continued harmony, free from heart-burnings or lacerated feelings, or fancied slights or blighted affections. Sooner or later, too, the personality of the stronger nature begins to overshadow the personality of the weaker. Almost inevitably there is a falling-out.

I do not share the somewhat common opinion that in their friendships women are less constant than men are. But the trouble with them is that they put a heavier burden upon friendship than so delicate, so sensitive a sentiment as real friendship is was ever meant to bear. Something has to give way under the strain. And something does.

To be sure there is an underlying cause in extenuation for this temperamental shortcoming which in justice to the ostensibly weaker sex should be set forth here. Even though I am taking on the rôle of Devil's Advocate in the struggle to keep woman from canonizing herself by main force I want to be as fair as I can, always reserving the privilege where things are about even, of giving my own side a shade the better of it. The main tap-root reason why women confide over-much and too much in other women is because leading more circumscribed lives than men commonly lead they are driven back upon themselves and into themselves and their sisters for interests and for conversational material.

Taking them by and large they have less with which to concern themselves than their husbands and their brothers, their fathers and their sons have. Therefore they concern themselves the more with what is available, which, at the same time, oftener than not, means some other woman's private affairs.

A woman, becoming thoroughly imbued with an idea, becomes, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a creature of one idea. Everything else on earth is subordinated to the thing--cabal, reform, propaganda, crusade, movement or what not--in which she is interested. Now the average man may be very sincerely and very enthusiastically devoted to a cause; but it does not necessarily follow that it will obsess him through every waking hour. But the ladies, God bless 'em--and curb 'em--are not built that way. A woman wedded to a cause is divorced from all else. She resents the bare thought that in the press of matters and the clash of worlds, mankind should for one moment turn aside from her pet cause to concern itself with newer issues and wider motives. From a devotee she soon is transformed into a habitee. From being an earnest advocate she advances--or retrogrades--to the status of a plain bore. To be a common nuisance is bad enough; to be a common scold is worse, and presently she turns scold and goes about railing shrilly at a world that criminally persists in thinking of other topics than the one which lies closest to her heart and loosest on her tongue.

Than a woman who is a scold there is but one more exasperating shape of a woman and that is the woman who, not content with being the most contradictory, the most paradoxical, the most adorable of the Almighty's creations--to wit, a womanly woman--tries, among men, to be a good fellow, so-called.

But that which is ordinarily a fault may, on occasion of extraordinary stress, become the most transcendent and the most admirable of virtues. I think of this last war and of the share our women and the women of other lands have played in it. No one caviled nor complained at the one-ideanness of womankind while the world was in a welter of woe and slaughter. Of all that they had, worth having, our women gave and gave and gave and gave. They gave their sons and their brothers, their husbands and their fathers, to their country; they gave of their time and of their energies and of their talent; they gave of their wonderful mercy and their wonderful patience, and their yet more wonderful courage; they gave of the work of their hands and the salt of their souls and the very blood of their hearts. For every suspected woman slacker there were ten known men slackers--yea, ten times ten and ten to carry.

Each day, during that war, the story of Mary Magdalene redeemed was somewhere lived over again. Every great crisis in the war-torn lands produced its Joan of Arc, its Florence Nightingale, its Clara Barton. To

the women fell the tasks which for the most part brought no public recognition, no published acknowledgments of gratitude. For them, instead of the palms of victory and the sheaves of glory, there were the crosses of sacrifice, the thorny diadems of suffering. We cannot conceive of men, thus circumstanced, going so far and doing so much. But the women--

Oh, well, you know how women are!

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## A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Project Gutenberg's *The Complete Works of Artemus Ward, Part 1*  
#1 of this seven part series by Charles Farrar Browne

It is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, as I very well remember, since I crossed the Planes for Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. While crossin the Planes all so bold I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest (N.B. This is rote Sarcasticul. Injins is Pizin, whar ever found,) which thay Sed I was their Brother, & wanted for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay then stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my orgin grinder & scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he shoood meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this ere. "Reven Noose Muttons," as our skoolmaster, who has got Talent into him, cussycally obsarve.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U.S. sogers, hosstensibly sent out there to smash the Mormons but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coats with brass buttings onto um & ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fitin is consarned I'd willingly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in Salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Yung, the grate mogull among the mormins and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the jentle breezis. He lookt at me in a austeer manner for a few minits, and sed:

"Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church and the Latter-day Revelashuns?"

Sez I, "I'm on it!" I make it a pint to git along plesunt, tho I didn't know what under the Son the old feller was drivin at. He sed I mite show.

"You air a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, preparin to rite him sum free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I sertainly am married."

"How do you like it as far as you hev got?" sed I.

He sed "middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replide that I wouldn't mine minglin with the fair Seck & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordingly tuk me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big & in a exceedin large room was his wives & children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin enuff to take the roof rite off the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was Plane--sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne--which is verses, tho sich was not my intentions, as I don't 'prove of puttin verses in Proze rittins, tho ef occashun requires I can Jerk a Poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Munthly fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed Yung.

"Your sarvant, marms," sed I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-heded female brawt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward," sed Yung, "I hav eighty more in varis parts of this consecrated land which air Sealed to me."

"Which?" sez I, gittin up & starin at him.

"Sealed, Sir! sealed."

"Whare bowts?" sez I.

"I sed, Sir, that they was sealed!" He spoke in a traggerdy voice.

"Will they probly continner on in that stile to any grate extent, Sir?" I axed.

"Sir," sed he, turnin as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may hev as meny wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I sed. "You are old pie, ain't you?"

"Them as is Sealed to me--that is to say, to be mine when I wants um--air at present my sperretooul wives," sed Mister Yung.

"Long may thay wave!" sez I, seein I shoold git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the follerin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, thare is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats call him Par, & he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensiv. Thay allers want suthin & ef he don't buy it for um thay set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't have a minit's peace. His wives fite among their selves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit, & when too of 'em get into a row he has em turnd loose into that place, whare the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sum times thay abooz hisself individooally. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broom-sticks, and sich. Occashunly they git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got eny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark closit, previshly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfsprings git onruly. Sumptimes when he went in swimmin thay'd go to the banks of the Lake & steal all his close, thereby compellin him to sneek home by a sircootius rowt, drest in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv. "I find that the keers of a marrid life way hevy onto me," sed the Profit, "& sumtimes I wish I'd remaned singel." I left the Profit and startid for the tavern whare I put up to. On my way I was overtuk by a lurge krowd of Mormons, which they surroundid me & statid that they were goin into the Show free.

"Wall," sez I, "ef I find a individooal who is goin round lettin folks into his show free, I'll let you know."

"We've had a Revelashun biddin us go into A. Wards's Show without payin nothin!" thay showtid.

"Yes," hollered a lot of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin me round very rapid, "we're all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!"

"What's Old Revelashun got to do with my show?" sez I, gittin putty rily. "Tell Mister Revelashun," sed I, drawin myself up

to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery krowd with a  
prowd & defiant mean, "tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own  
bizness, subject only to the Konstitushun of the United  
States!"

"Oh now let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several femails,  
puttin thare arms round me in luvins style. "Become 1 of us.  
Becum a Preest & hav wives Sealed to you."

"Not a Seal!" sez I, startin back in horror at the idee.

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," sed a tell, gawnt femaile, ore whoos hed  
37 summirs must hev parsd, "stay, & I'll be your Jentle  
Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it, you won't," sez I. "Awa you skanderlus  
femaile, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!" THAT'S WHAT I SED, JES SO.

"& I," sed a fat chunky femaile, who must hev wade more than  
too hundred lbs, "I will be your sweet gidin Star!"

Sez I, "Ile bet two dollers and a half you won't!" Whare ear I  
may Rome Ile still be troo 2 thee, Oh Betsy Jane! [N.B. Betsy  
Jane is my wife's Sir naime.]

"Wiltist thou not tarry here in the promist Land?" sed several  
of the miserabil critters.

"Ile see you all essenshally cussed be4 I wiltist!" roared I,  
as mad as I cood be at thare infernul noncents. I girdid up my  
Lions & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & Left Salt Lake,  
which is a 2nd Soddum & Germorrer, inhabitid by as theavin &  
onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on  
the Globe.

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## THE TRUTH ABOUT JOHN YOUNGER

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Story of Cole Younger*, by Himself by  
Cole Younger

John, my brother, was fourteen when the war closed and Bob under twelve.  
One day in January, 1866, John, Bob and my mother drove into Independence  
to mill, and to do other errands in town, one of which was to get one of  
my pistols fixed.



A young fellow named Gillcreas, who had served in the militia and was several years John's senior, hit the boy with a piece of mackerel, and warm words ensued.

"Why don't you shoot him?" shouted Bob from the wagon.

John told the fellow if Cole were there he would not dare do that, and Gillcreas said Cole should be in prison, and all Quantrell's men with him. Gillcreas went away, but returned to the attack, this time armed with a heavy slungshot. In the meantime John had gotten the pistol which had been in the wagon. Gillcreas came up to resume the fight and John shot him dead. The slungshot was found with the thong twined about Gillcreas' wrist.

[Illustration: John Younger]

John Younger

The coroner's jury acquitted John, and there were many people in Independence who felt that he had done just right.

When I went to Louisiana in 1868 John went with me, afterward accompanying me to Texas. Clerking in a store in Dallas, he became associated with some young fellows of reckless habits and drank somewhat.

One day, while they were all in a gay mood, John shot the pipe out of the mouth of a fellow named Russell. Russell jumped up and ran out of the room.

"Don't kill him," shouted the crowd in ridicule, and John fired several random shots to keep up the scare.

Russell swore out a warrant for John's arrest, and next morning, Jan. 17, 1871, Capt. S. W. Nichols, the sheriff, and John McMahon came up to the house to arrest him. John made no resistance and invited the officers to breakfast, but they declined and went back down town. Thompson McDaniels called John's attention to the fact that a guard had been stationed over his horses, and they walked down town together. Tom and John drank some whisky, and while they were waiting Nichols and his party had taken on some too.

"What did you put a guard over my horses for?" asked John, when he entered the room where Nichols was.

"I did not put any guard over your horses," replied Nichols.

"You're a——liar," continued John, "I saw them there myself."

At this another Russell, a brother of the one whose pipe had been shot out of his mouth, opened fire on John and wounded him in the arm. Thomp. McDaniels shot Capt. Nichols, and in the melee McMahon was shot, as far as I have ever been able to learn, by my brother.

John and McDaniels went out, took the officers' horses and rode to Missouri.

It developed after the shooting that the same Russell who had opened fire on John had placed the guard over the horses, and that Capt. Nichols had not known of it.

I was away in Louisiana at the time, but on my return several attorneys offered to defend John if he would return for trial, but after a visit at the home of our uncle in California he returned to Missouri in the winter of 1873 and 1874, just in time to be suspected of the train robbery at Gad's Hill, on the Iron Mountain road.

John and Jim were visiting at the home of our friend, Theodoric Snuffer, at Monegaw Springs, St. Clair county.

Man-hunters had sought us there on a previous occasion when we were all four there. We had come upon the party of 15 suddenly, and I covered them with a shot-gun, demanded their surrender, and explaining that we had not robbed anybody, and wanted to be treated as decent citizens, approached by officers of the law in the regular manner if we were accused, restored their arms to them, and they went back to Osceola.

March 11, 1874, J. W. Whicher, a Pinkerton detective from Chicago, who had been sent out to arrest Frank and Jesse James at Kearney, was found dead in the road near Independence, and W. J. Allen, otherwise known as Capt. Lull, a St. Louis plain-clothes cop who passed by the name of Wright, and an Osceola boy named Ed. Daniels, who was a deputy sheriff with an ambition to shine as a sleuth, rode out to find Jim and Bob at the Springs.

The boys, advised of their coming by a negro servant, sought to convince them, as we had the earlier posse, that they could not have had anything to do with the affair at Gad's Hill. But Allen, remembering the recent fate of Whicher, drew his pistol and shot John in the neck. John returned the fire and killed Daniels and took after Allen. Side by side the horses galloped, John firing at the detective till he fell from the saddle mortally wounded. John turned to ride back to where Jim was, when he toppled from his saddle and was dead in a few minutes.

The St. Louis detective had fled at the first fire, and lived to tell graphic stories of how it all happened, although he was really too busy getting out to know anything about it.

65. LXXIII. (THAT TIME OF YEAR)  
by William Shakespeare

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west;  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.  
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

13. \_Ye Flowery Banks.\_  
by Robert Burns

I.

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,  
How can ye blume sae fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae fu' o' care?

II.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,  
That sings upon the bough:  
Thou minds me o' the happy days  
When my fause Luve was true!

III.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,  
That sings beside thy mate:  
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,

And wist na o' my fate!

IV.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon  
To see the woodbine twine,  
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,  
And sae did I o' mine.

V.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose  
Frae aff its thorny tree,  
And my fause luvver staw my rose,  
But left the thorn wi' me.

22. \_Youth and Age.\_  
by Samuel Coleridge

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying,  
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee--  
Both were mine! Life went a maying  
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
When I was young!

When I was young?--Ah, woful when!  
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!  
This breathing house not built with hands,  
This body that does me grievous wrong,  
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,  
How lightly then it flashed along:--  
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind or tide!  
Nought cared this body for wind or weather  
When Youth and I liv'd in't together.  
Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;  
Friendship is a sheltering tree;  
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,  
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
Ere I was old.

Ere I was old? Ah woful Ere,  
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!  
O Youth! for years so many and sweet

'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,  
I'll think it but a fond conceit--  
It cannot be, that Thou art gone!  
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:--  
And thou wert aye a masker bold!  
What strange disguise hast now put on,  
To make believe, that Thou art gone?  
I see these locks in silvery slips,  
This drooping gait, this altered size:  
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,  
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!  
Life is but thought: so think I will  
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,  
But the tears of mournful eve!  
Where no hope is, life's a warning  
That only serves to make us grieve,  
When we are old:

That only serves to make us grieve  
With oft and tedious taking-leave,  
Like some poor nigh-related guest,  
That may not rudely be dismiss.  
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,  
And tells the jest without the smile.

\_1869 Edition.\_

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## THE YELLOW VIOLET.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poetical Works of William Cullen Bryant*

When beechen buds begin to swell,  
And woods the blue-bird's warble know.  
The yellow violet's modest bell  
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,  
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,  
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume  
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring  
First plant thee in the watery mould.  
And I have seen thee blossoming  
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view  
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,  
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,  
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,  
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,  
Unapt the passing view to meet,  
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,  
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;  
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,  
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget  
The friends in darker fortunes tried.  
I copied them--but I regret  
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour  
Awakes the painted tribes of light,  
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower  
That made the woods of April bright.

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## "YOU AND I"

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Philip Barry  
from the Internet Archive etext of *Best Plays of 1922-1923*

THIS is the ninth "prize play" to be written by those students of playwriting who have worked with Prof. George Pierce Baker in his "47 Workshop" class at Harvard, and the eighth to be produced. Thomas P. Robinson's "The Copy," which was awarded the prize in 1921, was accepted for production by Oliver Morosco in New York, but shortly thereafter Mr. Morosco's firm was in temporary difficulties necessitating a reorganization, and "The Copy" was put aside.

Later Mr. Morosco abandoned his plan to offer the annual \$500 prize to the Baker students and Richard G.

Herndon, another New York manager, took his place. Professor Baker, Mr. Herndon and Walter Pritchard Eaton were named as the committee to make the selection. Fifty plays were submitted, and from these the committee chose Philip Barry's "You and I." It was produced by Mr. Herndon in the Belmont Theatre, New York, February 19, 1923, and sprang into immediate popularity, continuing through the remainder of the season.

"You and I" is an epigrammatic play of the type usually classified as a society comedy, written in the mood and manner of that trio of English dramatists, Oscar Wilde, Arthur Wing Pinero and Sidney Carton, who contributed so notably to the English and American stage twenty years ago, and whose only American competitor at the time was the late Clyde Fitch.

It is about seven o'clock of a late September evening, 1921. The scene is the library of Maitland White's summer home in Westchester county, New York — "a huge, motherly sort of room that pats your hand as you come into it and tells you to sit down and be comfortable with the rest of us."

Offstage, right, some one is playing the latest dance tune, the some one, as you guess a moment later, when she bursts a little angrily into the room, being Veronica Duane. Veronica, whom no one thinks of calling anything but "Ronny," is "about nineteen, slim, of medium height, with a decidedly pretty, high-bred face, lovely hair, lovely hands, soft, low-pitched voice — whatever she may be saying. Heredity, careful upbringing, education and travel have combined to invest her with a poise far in advance of her years. She has attained the impossible — complete sophistication without the loss of bloom. Her self-confidence is an added charm — free, as it is, from any taint of youthful cocksureness." She is dressed becomingly in what are probably known in this section of Westchester as sport togs.

Ronny is followed by "Ricky" (otherwise Roderick) White. Ricky, wearing the suit he golfs in, has quit smoking the pipe he carries in his hand and "looks just a little bit scared." "He is a well set-up, thoroughly nice boy of about twenty-one. High color, hair carefully brushed, a disarming smile." The elder White had once declared Ricky and Ronny to represent "The cream of their astonishing generation."

The reason for Ricky's being a bit frightened presently is revealed as the result of a liberty he has just taken with Ronny. She had looked up at him, adoringly, he thought, as she played the piano, and he had kissed her full upon the mouth, which has irritated Ronny excessively. Not that she was not pleased; or that she was taken completely by surprise. Some day she knew Ricky might grow that bold. Some day she expected, vaguely, that he might even propose to her. As next door neighbors they had practically grown up together.

But her irritation of the moment apparently is caused by what she is pleased to consider an utter lack of judgment and consideration on Ricky's part.

RoNNY — On the fifteenth of October you're going abroad for three years. For the love of Pete, why couldn't you have held out just two weeks more? Then you'd have gone, and I'd have forgotten you. And that would have been all there was to it.

Ricky — In a pig's eye.

RoNNY — I tell you it would! And now — after this — oh — a sweet winter I'll put in, getting over you !

Ricky — {genuinely dismayed}. Getting over me . . . ? Gosh, I don't want you to do that!

RoNNY — {ironically}. No. I'll sit around doing basket-work, while you and your little playmates at the Beaux-Arts scamper up and down Paris.

Ricky — {grandly} . I am going abroad to study architecture — not to go on parties.

RoNNY — Show me a student on the Left Bank who doesn't study life! Thanks, Rick. By spring you will be but a memory.

Ricky — But — but Ronny — can't you get it into your silly head that I'm really in love with you? I'm — you've — oh, damn it — won't you marry me?

Ronny — Ricky! {Shakes her head with conviction.} Uh-uh. It's awfully nice of you. But I couldn't wait three years for the Prince of Wales.



Which Ricky accepts as discouraging proof that it is "a fat lot" she loves him. Such, however, is not Ronny's reason at all. Things are not as pleasant as they might be in her home for one thing, and promise to be little if any better until she is "settled." Furthermore Ricky has always meant to be an architect and she has no intention of standing in his way. As Ricky sees it there is no reason why she should. He can still be an architect and marry her. He can, for the sake of the better wage, go into his father's factory temporarily. Then he can study nights and drift into architecture gradually. For the matter of that it would be no great calamity if he should get into business and stay there. "Father dished painting to marry Nanny. And do you suppose he's ever regretted it? Look at them!"

It is a persuasive argument and a moment later they have plighted their troth, as the saying is, and are calling upstairs to "Nanny," who happens to be Ricky's absurdly youthful but still quite wonderful mother, to relay the grand tidings to her.

Nancy White, who presently appears at the head of the stairs, "is a young forty, medium height, with a slim, girlish figure, lively, whimsical brown eyes, dark brown hair and a charming manner. Despite her poise one feels that her age is merely 'put on' — that she will never really grow up." She accepts their news with a show of genuine interest in them, but with suggested misgivings as well. She settles them finally on the sofa and draws an armchair up before them.

Nancy — Now, you two precious idiots, we'll talk this over.

Ricky — (lowly, to Ronny). Isn't she immense?

Nancy — I thought the fact of your living next door to each other for twelve summers would act as an anti-toxin.

Ronny — {timidly}. It came as a shock to me, Mrs. White.

Nancy — I dare say. But of course this is quite out of the question. You're nothing but children.

Ricky — (shaking his head reprovably). Gosh,  
Nanny — that's awfully old stuff.

Nancy — Roderick — be kind enough to reserve your infantile comments. (Ricky subsides.) Nothing but children. It is beautiful, my dears, but quite, quite ridiculous.

Ricky — Pardon the interruption — but how old were you, when you became a married maiden?

Nancy — That has nothing to do with it!

Ricky — {indulgently}. I know — but just as a matter of record. . . .

Nancy — {with dignity}. I was — ah — nineteen. But —

Ricky — You mean a couple of weeks past eighteen. What're you, Ronny?

Ronny — I'll be twenty in December. Big girl.

Ricky — Check. And how about Dad?

Nancy — He was a great deal older than you are !

Ricky — Your memory's failing, Nanny. He had me just four months.

Nancy — {ironically} . I don't want to be sordid — but what do you expect to live on?

Ricky — Query: What did you live on, darling?

Nancy — {a little confused}. Why — ah — I had a little of my own, and your father worked.

Ricky — {with a gesture}. 'S a perfect equation!

Ronny — I've about two thousand a year from Aunt Isabel's estate. Dad's promised me a house.

Nancy — {to Ricky} . And may I ask what you intend doing about your architecture?

Ronny — {leaning forward} . You and I both, Mrs. White. ...

Ricky — Quiet, child — let me manage this. I'm

going like a breeze. {To Nancy.} Well, you see, I'm going to pass that up, and —

Nancy — {really troubled}. But —

Ricky — Oh — maybe not for good. Maybe, by and by, when we get on our feet. . . .

Nancy — By and by! Somehow — that sounds vaguely reminiscent to me. Unless you do it now, you'll never do it!

Ricky — Well, really — what if I don't? I mean, you told me that father wanted to paint, or something — but you and he were married at twenty-one and eighteen respectively, and he went into business, and stayed there. What I mean is, it seems to me that you two have made a pretty good go at it.

"We have made an uncommonly good go at it," Nancy admits. "But — " She still has her own reasons for wanting them to be very sure they are doing right before they go ahead with their plans. She does not doubt they love each other. "I've never given a happy hang for any one else," Ronny confesses; "I'd simply — lie down and die for him," and she thinks — perhaps — it will be all right — somehow. But — there is still a but.

It is after Ronny has gone to dress for dinner that Nancy takes her son more completely into her confidence. From a drawer of her desk that is bulging with slips of paper she hands him a few. They are sketches and bits of sketches that, over a period of twenty years, she has found in her husband's pockets whenever she has given his clothes to the valet to be pressed. The elder White is also given to experimenting in murals — which is why the wall by the telephone has to be repapered so frequently.

It may be possible for Ricky to have both the architecture he has always been eager to study and the girl he loves — and again it may not be possible. It may seem simple now — but what of that later time?

Nancy ■ — ... when you're forty or so, you may look on love as a kind of captivating robber — who chatted so sweetly, as he plucked your destiny out of your pocket. . . .

Ricky — (gaily). There you go again! Ask dad — he knows! (A whistled tune is heard from the hall upstairs.)

Nancy — [rapidly]. You may suddenly feel choked off — thwarted — in the one really big thing you could have done. Then — though you love her dearly — you'll resent Ronny. You'll try not to let her see. If she loves you, she can't avoid it. Or even you yourself may not know quite what's wrong. You may simply find, all at once, that you are very empty, very unhappy.

Ricky — But Nanny — look how happy father is!

{The whistle draws closer.}

Nancy — You can't tell much by a whistle, son. . . .

Maitland White, who is "Matey" to his intimates in this generously nicknamed family, "is forty-three, about five feet ten, and golf and squash have kept him in the pink of trim. He is not particularly handsome, but with a face and smile that win you immediately. There are a few grey hairs, which Nancy or the barber will pull out next week. To look at him, you might think him any one of a number of things. You guess that it is business, and you know that he is successful. His hands — long, slender and restless — and a kind of boyish whimsicality in him are all that betray the artist."

For the moment Maitland is too much taken with a Watteau print he has brought home for Nancy's room to pay much attention to his son, at the moment bursting with news of his engagement to Ronny. But finally Ricky succeeds in getting the news across. First, he tells his father he expects to marry Miss Duane, and second, that he also expects to give up temporarily his planned career as an architect. It is a harder blow for Matey to assimilate than it was for Nancy. He is quite stunned by it, in fact. And yet his attitude is kindly and sympathetic.

Matey- — -Look here, old fellow, this is a little confusing. Would you mind telling me more about it?  
Ricky — Why — there isn't a great deal to tell, sir. It's just that we're — very much in love, and want to be married as soon as we possibly can. I figure that

if I go to work now, by spring everything will be rosy.

Matey — What do you plan to do?

Ricky — Same as you. The Warren Company. Caught you, sir — you thought I'd say, "sell bonds."

Matey — And your architecture goes by the boards, eh?

Ricky — Why should it? I can study evenings, and Sundays, and finally — {Matey laughs mirthlessly. Ricky is injured.} Well — I can. . . .

Matey — Ricky — our method of upbringing for you and Jean has allowed room for very few "Thou-shalt-nots." I'm not going to start ordering you about now, but there are a few things, that — as an older man — I want to remind you of —

Ricky — {quietly}. Yes, dad. . . .

Matey — I have my own eyes, and the word of your masters at school and college, to tell me that you have a considerable gift for building-design. You love the work, and you're unusually well suited for it. You need technique, and a background — and you need them badly. Three years at the Beaux-Arts will give you the best there are. . . .

Ricky — But Ronny —

Matey — {a little exasperated}. If Ronny won't wait for you, there'll be another girl just as charming, later on. . . .

Ricky — Oh, dad. . . .

Matey — I want to tell you, son, that the most important thing in a man's life is his work — particularly when he has an equipment such as yours. It's hard to get going; for a while you need absolute independence — freedom to think only "I — I — I — I and my work." After marriage that's no longer possible. From then on "it's you and I" always — with the "you" first, every time. "You and I."

Ricky — Sound grammar, anyway.

Matey — Don't think I'm speaking idly! And don't make the mistake either of underrating the suffering a flouted destiny can send you. There's a course you feel cut out to take. Step off it now — and you'll regret it as long as you live.

Ricky — But — I simply can't give up Ronny.

Matey — (brutally). In my opinion, any man who sacrifices his career for the sake of a girl hasn't the backbone of — a cup-custard. {Nancy's head drops a little. Ricky glances at her apprehensively.} And any girl selfish enough to permit —

Ricky — Dad —

Matey — What?

Ricky — Isn't that a bit rough on mother?

Matey — (puzzled). Rough on — what do you mean . . . ?

Nancy — Don't be silly, Ricky.

Matey — But . . . ?

Nancy — (matter-of-factly) . I must go and dress.  
(To Ricky.) You'd better come too.

Matey — Just a moment, dear — Rick, it's sheer nonsense to think you can manage two occupations. One or the other must go. You —

Ricky — I'm afraid it's no use, father. I've thought it all out, and my mind's made up.

Etta, who happens to be an unusually attractive maid, announces the arrival of Mr. Warren. Warren is the G. T. Warren who is president of Matey's manufacturing firm and he is to spend the week-end with the Whites. "He is about fifty-five, and partially bald — a short, plump little man with a ready smile. He has the conceit of most self-made men, but in his case, it is made amusing by his naivete. He is, in the business vernacular, always 'on his toes,' and literally exudes prosperity and good nature. He speaks rapidly, and with conviction." He greets his host and hostess with an assured affability and matches small talk with the

effervescent Ricky as best he can. To the young man's suggestion that another White is ready for the firm Mr. Warren reacts with enthusiasm. It is an age of business and he is quite sure Ricky is acting wisely in giving up his plans for European study. He is ready to put him through the Warren mill any time he is ready to start. The Whites try guardedly to dissuade their son from making the plunge too suddenly, but just now he is of no mind to listen to them.

With Ricky and Warren gone, full of plans. Matey confesses that he feels a bit done up. He probably should take the vacation that every one, Nancy most of all, is urging upon him. And yet with the market as uncertain as it is, and the chance that Ricky will yet be made to see the light and decide to go on with his studies, any long vacation is out of the question.

Through the open door at the right Geoffrey Nichols is heard approaching. "Geoff" is an old, old friend of Matey's, a college chum, an usher at the White wedding. But they have not seen each other for the better part of twenty years. While Matey has been getting on in business Nichols has been acquiring some little fame as a writer of popular fiction. As he enters now "he is distinguished in appearance and attractive — the air of a cosmopolite without the vice of obtruding it. For a successful literary man his affectations are few."

Nichols is in town only for a few days, preliminary to sailing for Europe. He spends much of his time in Europe. "I'm a veritable flea for travel," he confesses. "London is my old lady — Paris my mistress — and Rome — ah, Rome — my saint in decollete!" He is happy at being able to have a few hours with the Whites, and amusingly reminiscent in recalling the years when they knew each other better. With Nancy gone to dress for dinner the men come seriously to the inevitable comparison of their respective lives.

Nichols — {reflectively} . And yet at twenty, we were much the same. Twenty — the incendiary age, Matey! I was going to set the world on fire with my novels — your match was a paint-brush.

Matey — And I gave up my painting to marry Nancy Lyon. . . .

Nichols — While I forsook sweet Kitty Nash, to wed an ink-pot. A pair of jilts, we two! Well — what do you think of your bargain?

Matey — I've come out the winner, Geoff !

Nichols, — And so have I!

Matey — (laughing). Impossible! I've a happy home — sufficient leisure — a regular income — two fine, spoiled children — and a wife that's a simple miracle. Trump them, if you can!"

Nichols — [gaily, with the gesture of laying cards on the table one by one). The world's my home — every hour of my time is my own — I'll match my income with yours any day! And for your last three items, I say what Bacon said: "A man with wife and children has given hostages to Fortune!"

Matey — But old Lady Fortune has done me rather well.

Nichols — Oh — she has her favorite slaves. But freedom's the thing old chap. As Shaw said to me one day last April — dash it all — what was it he said? At any rate, it was simply convulsing.

Matey — But how on earth have you done any work?

Nichols — Work? Why, every new experience is material. "Copy" we call it. Wherever I go, my type-writer follows. No worries, no responsibilities — just life — the one life I have — spiced and succulent.

Matey — While I — day after day — "Nine to five — nine to five."

Nichols ^ — Those words are the business man's epitaph.

Matey — (determined to be sprightly) . Oh — one has one's moments, even a business man.

Nichols — (watches Matey a moment). Matey — as I remember, you showed amazing promise. I've known artists with wives — with children, even. Why, in the name of Raphael, didn't you go on with it?



Matey — (a little wanly) . Well, you see, Nancy  
and I married ridiculously young — neither of us rich,  
but both of us accustomed to a certain standard of living

— a regular income became pretty much of a necessity —

Nichols — (thoughtfully). And you put it off.  
Tsch — what a shame —

Matey — (reluctantly). Perhaps — I don't know.  
Sometimes when I look back, and think that I haven't  
yet done the thing I wanted to do — my forty-three years  
seem rather futile and misspent. It's been particularly  
salty today — my son Roderick, for whom I've expected . . . Oh, well, it's the old story over again;  
expediency's heel on the neck of inclination.

Nichols — But some phases of your life must be  
very interesting. Now business for instance —

Matey — Geoff, business is a dump for dreams . . .  
I believe that every fourth man in it has something  
shut down in him. You can see it in their faces.  
Some wanted to paint, like me — some to write, to sing

— to be doctors, lawyers. God bless me, even preachers!  
But expediency ordered it otherwise. And now most  
of them will die in the traces, poor devils . . .  
die of market reports — Babsonitis — hardening of the  
soul —

Nichols — (sagely) . Ah, yes — as some one says,  
"Most men lead lives of quiet desperation."

Matey — (softly). "Quiet desperation." By the  
Lord — here's one who's fed up with it. I've a good  
mind to chuck business now — and go to painting!  
[Nichols looks somewhat alarmed — this is being  
taken too seriously.]

Nichols — You're not serious . . . ?

Matey — So serious that the turn of a hair would  
decide it.

Nor does all Nichols' sound reasoning dislodge  
Matey's conviction that fate, having been unkind to  
him, should at least be given a chance to offer some

sort of compensation. What has the manufacture of soap, face creams and cosmetics — which he reluctantly confesses to Nichols is the Warren line — what can such a business offer a man who hungers to be painting?

It is in this mood that Nancy finds him when Nichols has gone. And though she tries tactfully to lead him out of it she does not succeed. Finally, a little desperate, she demands the truth from him.

Nancy — Matey — you sweet old thing — what is the matter?

Matey — Oh — nothing —

Nancy — Dear — it seems to me that you have about everything that a person could desire. We've — most of the good things of life — health — position

— enough money — and a happy family. (She hesitates. ) And we've — each other. Nor is ours the tame, settled love most people have at forty. Some blessed good fortune has kept the keen edge on it. I love my children — but compared to you — oh. Matey! I fancy

— there's more woman in me than mother. . . . You have been unusually successful in your work. What more could any man ask than you have . . . ?

Matey — Oh, Nanny, Nanny. {Impatiently, but with intense suffering.} Nanny, Nanny, Nanny — what do you know about it! (Nancy catches her breath sharply, holds it a moment and then lets it go.)

Nancy — {almost in a whisper} . I suppose — you know — it — just about knocks the heart out of me, to hear you say that. . . . (She waits for a response. None comes. She clenches her fists, and throws back her head, in pain — turns to him. ) Oh — this can't be you and I! {A moment's silence.} Maitland — as you love me — there's something I want you to do.

Matey — What is it?

Nancy — {directly} . Leave business for a year. Get leave of absence, if possible. Otherwise, resign. . . .

Matey — {affecting to be puzzled}. But — my dear — why . . . ?

Nancy — {with an impatient gesture}. Oh — please! Do you think I've had all these years of you — to be fooled by pretense now? I've known for a long time that you weren't happy — and why you weren't. But I've not known — quite how much it meant to you. I want you to devote the year to painting.

Matey — {with amused tolerance}. It's a nice idea, Nanny, but — {his gesture includes the house, the cars, the servants}.

Nancy — {rapidly — closer to him}. We'll give up the apartment. We'll stay out here over the winter. One car — and run it ourselves. We'll keep Katie and Etta - — and let the others go. I'll do the upstairs myself. Ricky will be in business — no longer an expense. My own income will be enough to dress Jean and pay her school bills. . . .

Matey — {uncertainly} . You understand — I've very little outside of my salary?

Nancy — Little — but plenty for us. We'll economize in everything. {Looks at lighted lamps with a smile. } We'll — even be careful about the electric lights. The front attic can be made into a studio. . . .

Matey — {laughing} . It sounds too delightful! But impossible, of course —

Nancy — What's the matter — don't you dare?

Matey — People would think I'd lost my mind.

Nancy — {scornfully} . People !

Matey — {slowly} . I suppose they wouldn't have to know. But G. T. —

Nancy — {quickly}. Tell him it's — personal research work.

Matey — And if the research finds nothing?

Nancy — Matey — if you don't still think the bird in the bush worth any two in the hand, you might as well die.

Matey permits himself, half-willingly, a little wonderingly, to be carried on by Nancy's enthusiasm. It is possible the experiment might be made — if this and that could be arranged. But — there are so many things to be considered. For one, what would he do for models? He would naturally want to do portraits, and models, brought to the country, while he was brushing up, would be expensive.

But Nancy has a ready solution for that problem. There is Etta, the maid. An unusually beautiful girl, Etta. And, with proper inducements, Etta could undoubtedly be induced to pose. Yet, even after Matey studies her for the first time as a possibility and is convinced she might serve, Etta is not so sure it would be a proper business for a young woman.

Nancy— (to Etta). If you will consent to remain here in the country with us this winter, and pose for a few hours each day —

Etta — (gently). I am sorry, ma'am. (Turns to go.)

Nancy — Just a moment! I'll increase your wages, and help you with your work.

Etta — (firmly) . No, ma'am. I could not consider it. Not for all the money in the world.

Nancy — (frankly puzzled). But — I don't understand. Would you mind telling us why? (Etta hesitates. Peers at Matey.) You may be quite frank.

Etta — Well — I do not like to say nothing, but the man of the house, in the third last place I was in, made advances that was — advances that were — most unwelcome. You know how careful a girl has got to be — 'specially when nature has blessed her with looks like mine. I can usually tell by their eyes. (She tries to get a look at Matey's. He looks up at her, then rises suddenly, and goes to window.) I am not saying nothing against Mr. White. So far, he has behaved like a real gennulman. But if I should forget myself to the extent of — oh, you know what artists are — they, and sailors —

Nor is Etta easily won over. She knows artists — "women to them are as tinders to the flames," she

insists. "There's the Hearst of it. Matey," Nancy explains. But Etta is won finally, after she has been reassured that none of Mr. White's gennulman friends will be permitted to gaze openly upon her charms while she is posing. She will always be modestly and becomingly draped, Nancy promises, and the experience will enable her to learn much that every real lady should know.

They decide not to tell Mr. Warren of Matey's determination to resign until later. Ronny comes back, looking very pretty in a new frock. She may have a "plain face, but she's a nifty dresser," Ricky admits. Etta summons them to dinner as the curtain falls.

## ACT II

It is late afternoon of a day in spring seven months later. The scene is the attic, converted into a studio for Matey's use, access to which is gained from below through a stair well at back.

"Matey, in smock, with a small daub of paint on his cheek, is busily painting at his easel. Etta poses in the throne-chair. She wears a simple, exquisite afternoon dress, and a small string of pearls at her throat. Her hands rest in her lap. Her hair is dressed most becomingly, and the transformation into a charming lady of unusual grace and beauty is quite complete."

Matey has had some little trouble with Etta as a model. She will sneeze at inconvenient moments and so far she has been unable to settle her features into just the expression the artist has been trying to catch. The portrait, however, is nearing completion, and by one last heroic effort, during which Matey appeals feelingly to his model's imagination by the recital of a most interesting fairy story in which she, as a grand lady in Fifth Avenue society, is the heroine, he manages to put the few finishing touches to the mouth that he has been struggling for. With a whoop of joy he grabs Etta from her throne and they are dancing wildly about when Nancy comes up the stairs.

She, too, is properly impressed with the success of the picture, and a little happily tearful over Matey's enthusiasm. But a moment later she unwittingly uncovers

a flaw in the amber of her Matey's happiness. She has brought him his mail, which he has not even glanced at for days. And in the mail there is news from his broker of a serious break in the market. Matey's stocks are down — 'way down. And there is a chance they will go lower. And although he takes the blow philosophically and bravely, it still is a blow to both of them.

Ricky joins them. He is dressed as a troubadour and carries a guitar. There is to be a fancy dress party at the Duane's that night at which the engagement of Ricky and Ronny is to be gaily announced. Warren is coming out, and Geoffrey Nichols, who is back from Europe.

Ricky has been getting on famously at the Warren plant. He is not exactly wild about the work, or the future it promises — but he is game. And he will have Ronny. One can't have everything.

It is plain that he still thinks of his architecture, however, and of the plans he had made, though he artfully tries to conceal that fact. It comes out later when he and Ronny are alone, and she discovers him carrying a first edition of Mossgrave's "Architecture and ye Associated Artes" in his pocket. His enthusiasm over this treasure that he has picked up in an old bookstore hits home with Ronny. It forces a culmination of her suspicions — that it would be unfair to marry Ricky and permit him to give up the career he is so ready to sacrifice for her. She is troubled with this thought when from out the book slips a piece of paper bearing a free-hand sketch of plans for a small house on it. Ronny picks it up.

Ricky — Here — lay off! That's not finished yet!  
(Starts to take it.)

Ronny — What is it?

Ricky — It's a plan I was making for our new diggings. Now you know what made me late for dinner last night. {Ronny's face lights up.}

Ronny — Tell me about it!

Ricky — {The paper has a free-hand sketch on it of the plans of the house with cellar, downstairs,

upstairs, top floor, on the top half of paper. The bottom half a drawing of the stables and kennels.)  
(Explaining.) You see — I wanted something we could add on to — the way dad and Nancy did to this. First comes the cellar — for the furnace and things. Downstairs: hall, living room, dining room — that little hole is the library, kitchen — out back, servant's quarters above. Upstairs : four bedrooms — yours and mine, and two guests' rooms. Three baths. Top floor: small storeroom and playroom, . . .

RoNNY — ... For us ... ?

Ricky — (solemnly) . For our progeny.

RoNNY — Isn't it big! How many do you think there ought to be?

Ricky — Oh — conservative — three or four. . . .

RoNNY — (thoughtfully). Well — I'll see what I can do. . . . (Indicating the stables, etc.) What's that?

Ricky — (with additional enthusiasm). Ah — here's the real work! Look, Beau'ful — the stables — miniature reproduction of Charles the Second's at Windsor. And this is the kennels — just like some I once saw for St. Bernards at a monastery near St. Moritz.

RoNNY — (regards him oddly). They're more interesting than the house, aren't they?

Ricky — Ever so much. You see it is one of my pet convictions that you can make any building beautiful, even a cow shed, without in the least contradicting what . . . (He regards her in surprise.) Dearest! What can be the matter with you? You look like the very devil —

RoNNY — (confused) . I — ? Why — ,1 — . Don't be a fool. Rick. (Her hand brushes across her eyes. She sighs, shakes her head, and laughs shortly.) I'm — just simply in a fog over tonight. . . . (Ricky regards her dubiously for a moment, then becomes matter-of-fact once more.)

Ricky — Oh say. (He rises putting book in pocket, takes up the guitar.) I don't want to muff that trouba-

dour stunt. Slip me the dope again, will you . . . ?

RoNNY — (lifelessly). It's not my idea, you know. It's mother's. We're to have supper on the south terrace at twelve. When they're all seated, you amble up below the second story window, and begin. (Ricky begins thrumming and singing, gaily. As he does so, Ronny holds the slip of paper, looks at it.)

Ricky — List to me, Lady Love, hark to my plea.

Love hold'th no bounty so precious as thee,  
Flown my heart's gayety, lovelorn my life.  
Sad and desolate I, save I have thee to wife.

— and then you press a red, red rose to your lips,  
and toss it lightly to me, and I catch it in my teeth, or  
something, and Voila! {Chord.} Kitty is out of the bag!

RoNNY — (slowly) . And — suppose — instead, I just  
— turned away — and shut the window, would you be  
sad and desolate?

Ricky — On the contrary I should execute a few  
choice clog steps and sing:

Be she fairer than the day  
Or the flow'ry meads in May —  
What care I how fair she be  
If she be not so to me?

{During the song Ronny has rolled the plan together  
into a small roll and placed the engagement ring on it.}

Ronny — {quietly, after a pause}. Is that the way  
you'd really feel — do you think?

Ricky — {gaily}. Sure!

Ronny — {softly}. I'm glad. Because I — don't —

Ricky — {still strumming, softly} . Don't what?

Ronny — Don't love you. Rick. {Ricky looks at  
Ronny, appalled and then laughs. His thrumming  
continues throughout the next few speeches — an ac-  
companiment to the conversation.}

Ricky — {scoffing}. No — that's why you're marry-



ing me! {Plays again.}

Ronny — {rises}. It's — why I'm no\*. . . •

Ricky — {not to be taken in}. Too late now, old thing —

Ronny — It's — just this side of — ^too late. . . .  
{Pause, Ricky is trying bravely to smile.} I — mean it,  
Ricky —

Ricky — {with difficulty; his smile comes and goes,  
and comes and goes. He stands guitar against chair}.

Ronny — please find some other way to — ride me.  
I'm — you're — I — you see, I'm such a fool about you,  
that I can't — play up to this.

Ronny — {speaking in a small voice}. It breaks  
me into little pieces — but I mean it.

Ricky — Ronny — you — you simply can't. . . .

Ronny — {turns to him} . Do — you remember that  
day last autumn — what I told you about father and  
mother — ? [Ricky tries to speak, but nods instead.]  
How I said I was going to marry the next nice person  
I was — fond of? You were the nice person, Ricky.  
[Shakes her head, sorrowfully.] Oh — the nicest one!  
And I thought surely I'd love you. But — I don't. And  
I can't — just can't go through with it, without —

Ricky — [looking away. Speaking with effort]. I  
— don't know what to do. I don't know what's expected  
of me. I don't quite understand it. Nearly — but not  
quite. I can't believe that you — [closer to her] —  
you've simply got to tell me some more about it. . . .

[There is a sound at the stairs, Ricky glances over  
his shoulder. His voice lowers.] Hell — Nichols, I  
suppose. . . . [Goes to stairs and looks down.] . . .  
The playroom — quick!

It is Etta, come to dust the room, and not Nichols.  
But Nichols follows a moment later, and mistaking  
Etta, still dressed as the lady of the model, for one of  
the earlier guests, he is quite charmed with her. And  
she, flattered no end by his mistake, does her best to  
live up to what she has come to believe a lady would do

under the circumstances. She fools him so completely that, before Nancy's coming interrupts them, Nichols has asked her to motor with him on Thursday, and to dine. He suspects his mistake a moment later when Nancy shows him Matey's painting and he recognizes the likeness to Etta. But he says nothing.

The painting, Nichols agrees, is amazingly clever,

in so far as he is able to judge. "It's such an extraordinary fine likeness, I suspect it's not great work," he says. "He may be merely — clever with a brush — as I am clever with a typewriter." But Nancy hopes it's not just that. The question now is how is the picture to be exhibited — and sold.

Nancy — If only someone would want it at once.

Nichols — Has he done anything else?

Nancy — Just a few sketches. It was difficult, getting under way.

Nichols — Such a different life — ^ quite natural. Last autumn, I did my best to dissuade him. Frankly — how do you think he likes it?

Nancy ^ — Oh, underneath, I think he's been very, I think he's been happier.

Nichols — Good; you know apart from my personal interest — to me Matey is Everyman.

Nancy — How do you mean precisely?

Nichols, — My gardener kept me occupied for twenty minutes this morning telling me what a splendid carpenter he would have made - — and means to make still. {He laughs shortly.) He's sixty-three.

Nancy — • (thoughtfully.) I see. But is it the same?

Nichols — Maybe not. How have you weathered the change?

Nancy — I've tried — Oh, I've tried so hard! [With a little shudder.] It's shameful, the way prosperity softens one.

Nichols — (incredulously). You — ?

Nancy — (nodding) . It's a little pathetic, you know, to find you're the sort of person whose conception of a real sacrifice consists in managing with two servants, instead of. five.

Nichols — Nonsense! Sacrifice is relative. You suffer as much from lack of luxuries as another woman from lack of meat.

Nancy — Maybe. But it's rather disconcerting to reach down into your — depths and touch bottom so quickly.

Nichols — Matey's not faltering, is he?

Nancy — No — only a trifle worried. The family budget does it. It's not precisely bulging. And today — poor dear — he's had such upsetting news — (with a wry smile turns to Nichols). Someone at a directors' table said, "Please pass the dividends."

Nichols — What a bore. (Thoughtfully). I wonder if I couldn't —

Nancy — (with a grateful smile) . No — he wouldn't let you. When it comes to taking help, he's the rank-est of egotists!

Nichols — But — (A thoughtful pause. He looks at the portrait. His face lights up.) Nancy — I've an idea! This portrait — it's really charming. Now Mrs. Carhart is having her usual drove of twenty or so up for the week-end. There are certain to be a few wealthy patrons of art among them, and —

Nancy — ( rises — excitedly) . Geoffrey !

Nichols — I'm sure that if I asked her, she'd hang it in her drawing room. One of them might want to buy it. At any rate — they'd talk — and it would be a fair test of its worth. The only difficulty is, that if they damned it, Matey would be so cast down that —

Nancy — You darling! Listen. He won't have to know anything about it! He's going into town on the 4.51 — coming out again later in the evening. . . .

Nichols — Yes?

Nancy — Yes — Can't we take it over right after he goes — ^and have it back before 9.30? They'd have plenty of time to see it. . . .

Nichols — I don't know why not. But — if it wasn't a go, some one of them might speak about it afterwards. . . .

Nancy — But they won't know who did it! You see — it isn't signed! Say it's the work of an unknown painter — a protege of Matey's — just in case — {turns to portrait}. Oh, it's not quite dry. Suppose we had an accident with it?

Nichols — That's not likely — wrap it carefully. I'll drive over now and see her — come back for you about 5.30 —

Matey interrupts them and they are at some pains to allay his suspicions. He feels they have been cooking up some sort of a conspiracy. He has no real hint of their plans, however, and is pleasantly buoyant with Geoffrey, despite the financial worries he is shouldering.

When Ricky comes from the playroom, and is alone with his father, he reports Ronny's decision not to marry him. He is pretty badly cut up about it, but he won't have his father say anything unkind to Ronny. She's feeling pretty rotten about it, too. Ronny comes in before Ricky can get away. For a second their eyes meet, and then Ricky dashes down the stairs.

Ronny — (hesitantly) . Mr. White —

Matey — (kindly — moves toward her). Yes, Ronny. . . .

Ronny — Ricky — told you? (Matey nods, unable completely to hide his scorn.)

Matey — You don't love him, h'm — ?

Ronny — (passionately). Love him. Oh — if a year ago someone had told me that I'd ever love anyone as I love Rick now, I'd have — (She cannot go on.)

Matey — Then I fail to see why you've —

Ronny — I'll tell you why. If I told him, he'd just laugh me out of it. Give me your word no one else shall know — no one at all. . . .

Matey — (after a pause) . Very well — my word.

Ronny — I'm standing between Ricky and the thing he wants to do. That's plain. If I don't marry him, he'll go abroad and study as he should. You know what it means to him. You know he must be what he's cut out to be!

Matey — You dear child. . . . {He picks up her hand and touches his lips to it.}

RoNNY — {taking it from him at once} . Oh — please — that's Ricky's trick!

Matey — You're very brave, Ronny, and very fine — but it's useless, because — {She shakes her head violently.} We can't afford to send him abroad, now. {Ronny straightens up, puzzled and shocked.}

Ronny — Wha — a — a — t . . . ?

Matey — I am not a rich man. I depend largely upon my salary. It stopped when I left business.

Ronny — But you've something — and I only need half of what I have a year. Take the other half — put it with whatever you can. I'd be happier — much.

Matey — My dear. . . . But there's been bad news, you see. I've almost nothing, now — not even enough for Nancy and me.

Ronny — (cruelly). Then why don't you go back to business? {Matey flinches, in spite of himself.}

Matey — One has — certain obligations to oneself — you know. {Ronny squares off — a cold fury.}

Ronny — I've just taken my heart and {with a gesture of breaking it between her hands} done that with it. For him — for my Ricky. And you can stand there talking about yourself. Aren't you his father? Aren't you responsible for him?

Matey — {genuinely moved, but smiling a little}.  
You are telling me I've given hostages to Fortune?

Ronny — {impatiently} . I don't know anything about "hostages." I just know that there's something big in Ricky, that's got to come out. You can help him — and because you can you must. He's your son — you've let yourself in for it. {This is too much; Matey's spirit is up at last.}

Matey — Listen to me; your reasoning's very bad. You say I'm responsible for Ricky. All right — I'm responsible for bringing him out of nowhere into a very lively, very interesting world — for giving him twenty-one years of every advantage a boy can have. Now why shouldn't I think of myself for a while?

RONNY- — When all that time you've been teaching him to love something aren't you bound to stick by him till he shows what he can make of it?

Matey — He had his chance.

RoNNY — And now that it's gone, must he wait till he's — forty, or so — for another? {This shot tells.}

Matey — {doggedly}. Why not? That's what I did.

RoNNY — So — you want everything — to be for him — just as it's been for you —

Matey — {sharply} . Please! Please!

RoNNY — Only you had Mrs. White in its place. He'd have nothing: I'd feel like a thief. You're used to doing what you don't want to. He's not. He'd be just — empty.

Matey — He can quit now — and do what he wants on his own.

RoNNY — And so he would! But could he go abroad? Could he be all he might be?

Matey — That's up to him.

RoNNY — It's up to — Oh, we can't argue, can we?

What makes my reasons right for me, is just what makes them wrong for you.

Matey — That's the old and the young of it, Ronny.

RoNNY — (swiftly). But there's one thing we jibe on.

Matey — Yes.

Ronny — Both of us love Ricky. What you won't do for duty, you will do for love!

Matey — (with a gesture toward his painting) . Do you know how I love this?

Ronny — Not half so much as Ricky! He's your son. He'll come first!

Matey — [whimsically). You haven't convinced me, Ronny. But you've reminded me that there's a very cruel law that rules most men's destinies.

Ronny — {an avalanche). Not only man's! [She shuts her eyes in pain, swallows hard, shakes her head as if to shake something out of it, and then raises her chin sharply. Nancy appears at the top of the stairs, carrying a large piece of brown wrapping paper and a ball of cord.)

Nancy — Matey — your train. . . . [Ronny wheels about and confronts Nancy. For a moment we feel that she is about to attack her as she attacked Matey. But when her voice is heard it is the voice of a heart-broken little girl, trying her best to be spunky to the end.)

Ronny — Doing anything special Monday morning?

Nancy — [puzzled) . Why, no. . . .

Ronny — If I may, I want to come over —

Nancy — Do. . . .

Ronny — And cry on your shoulder.

Nancy — But what has happened . . . ? [Ronny flings her last words over her shoulder as she goes down the stairs.)

Ronny — I'll be in about eleven ! [Nancy, bewildered, looks after her for a moment and then turns to Matey.)

Nancy — Matey — what is it ... ?

Matey — [grimly]. A joke on me — one of fate's funniest. . . .

Matey — [Matey crosses toward the stairs, shaking his head and laughing softly and bitterly.] Laugh, my dear — laugh at me. . . .

[Nancy is gazing at him intently as the curtain falls.]

### ACT III

It is nine o'clock the same evening. The scene is still the studio. There are the remains of a buffet lunch on a long table at back, and through the window may be seen the faint glow of Japanese lanterns swung for the party in the Duane's garden.

Nancy and Geoffrey Nichols are hurrying as quietly as possible to get Matey's picture back on its easel before Matey himself returns from town and misses it. The picture has been to Mrs. Carhart's and back, and there is a rumor to the effect that it has found a purchaser. Mrs. Carhart is to phone particulars within the half hour.

She is much too old to be as excited about anything as she is about Matey's possible success, Nancy insists, but she does her best to keep hold of her nerves. She is thankful for one thing — the dinner had gone off beautifully, with Ricky playing up to the situation manfully, and even humorously, for all his heart was leaden.

Now Matey has come — a little late because his train had decided to be "more local than usual" — but in fairly good spirits.

Nancy — How did you find things in town?

Matey — Pretty bad. It took another slump today. I told Hubbard to sell four hundred shares at ten o'clock Monday. Well — no use grouching over it, I suppose.



Nancy — Not the slightest. Let's forget it till we have to think —

Matey — That's been our method with most disagreeable things, hasn't it?

Nancy — Um.

Matey — And we've ' marched along pretty damn splendidly, haven't we?

Nancy — {nodding} . I'm so glad contentment hasn't caught us — and wrapped us in cotton-wool. We'll never be quite content, you and I. So we'll never be dead until they shut our eyes, and fold our hands.

Matey — And even then I dare say our spirits will go on poking about the heavenly shrubbery — looking for birds that may be there!

Nancy — Darling — it's the way to live. (Another furtive glance at the stairs.) But it plays simple havoc with your nerves. . . . (Suddenly.) Matey — tell me you love me.

Matey — Child! I abominate you.

Nancy — Ah — very satisfactory.

Now Nichols is back from the telephone. Mysteriously he summons Nancy to the head of the stairs and there they hold a loudly sibilant conversation.

Nichols — Ssss-s-s-s — Pss - ssh — Pscpssch —

Nancy — Not really! But I never heard of anything so remarkable!

Matey — (approaching them). Here — what's this? Why not include the smaller nations in the conference?

Nancy — (motioning to him behind her back). Go away! (They whisper more earnestly. Matey returns to the sofa.)

Matey — What have you two got up your sleeves?

Nichols — (over Nancy's shoulder) . A white rabbit, now. It was a white elephant.

Matey — Hmm — sounds more like a wild turkey, to me. (Nancy and Nichols join hands, and keeping perfect step march over to a position in front of Matey. Matey speaks to them indulgently.) Yes, my little ones — what can I do for you?

Nancy — (at once timid and exultant) . Maitland — Geoff and I have something to tell you. ...

Matey — Fancy that, now. (Nancy turns imploringly to Nichols.)

Nancy — I won't have my biggest moment ruined by such crass stupidity.

Nichols — Really, old son — we've three columns of news.

Matey — Um. Newspapers bore me.

Nancy — {in desperation} . Matey — we've sold your picture.

Nichols — Not quite sold, but —

Nancy — - At any rate, we've got an offer for it.

Matey — Well, well — isn't that nice? {He sighs.} Come on — we might as well get it over with: Who has made the offer? {Nancy appeals to Nichols. He laughs. }

Nichols- — The truth is, that we don't know who!

Nancy — Well — we took the portrait over to Mrs. Carhart's. Geoff had arranged with her to hang it in her drawing-room, and show it to everyone before dinner — said it was by a protege of yours. Then, just before you arrived, her chauffeur brought it back, and with it a message saying that she'd phone before nine-thirty. That was Geoff's call, and —

Matey — {confused} . But — who — ?

Nichols — That's what we don't know. It was her butler who phoned. Said she was sending the — prospective purchaser here to see me now.

Nancy — And it's probably either Kendall or the Ewings! They were both there. And it's an out-and-out offer —

Nichols — A handsome one. Matey — four thousand dollars.

Matey — Four thousand dollars — for the work of an unknown modern?

Nichols — I made him repeat it three times. Not, of course, that I doubted its worth. . . .

Matey — Oh no — certainly not — of course not. But — {in sudden buoyancy}. I say! —He must have liked it, h'm . . . ? {He gathers Nancy to his side with one sweep of his arm, and grasps Nichols' hand.) Oh — you bully good people! I wouldn't trade you for any other two on earth!

Matey tries not to be too jubilant. And he tries to feel sure his work has been bought by some one who knows painting. He is, at first, ready to make a little ceremony by signing the portrait. Now that it's sold, and on its merits, there is no need for continuing the artist's anonymity. But Nancy advises against it. Everything looks all right — but there is still a chance there "might be a slip — 'twixt the offer and the cheque." So the ceremony is postponed.

For the moment they are all in high spirits — until the appearance of Ricky reminds them of his unhappy adventure with love. Ricky has come to tell Nancy that Ronny wants to talk with her.

Nancy — I — don't think I care to see her now. . . .

Ricky — Off that, dearest. If Ronny wants to change her mind, why that's her privilege. I'll expect you to be just as nice to her as you possibly can be. And by that, I don't mean any of your well-known politeness at ten below zero. . . .

Matey — I haven't yet told you how sorry I am about this.

Ricky — (smiling). Oh — it's not everyone has your luck getting married.

Nancy — Come here. Rick — (He goes to her and she takes his face between her hands and kisses him.) Tell Ronny to come up. (Ricky hugs her, drops his head upon her shoulder for a moment, and then looks up, smiling brightly.)

Ricky — Thanks, old precious — thanks. (He goes out.)

Nancy — Matey — he makes me ache all over.

Matey — Our own good fortune seems nothing when I think of it.

Nancy — He'll get over it, of course — they always do. But a thing like this takes the sweetness out of a boy. It hardens him — makes him shrewd — metallic. (Exclaims in pain.) Oh — the poor darling! (Flaming into anger against Ronny.) And all along I've thought that Ronny's air of inconsequence was merely an overlay to many things fine, and true —

Matey — My dear — it is —

Nancy — This looks it, doesn't it? — This parody of love!

Matey — It's hardly that, Nanny. And you must be very careful with her.

Nancy — {coldly}. And why should I be?

The coming of Ronny interrupts her. She, too, is dressed for the party. "She wears a long dress of peacock blue satin, brocaded with silver, a silver girdle and silver slippers. Binding her hair is a slim bandeau of pearls. It is the costume of a seventeenth century court. She looks considerable older — a charming woman of, say, twenty-six." Matey is struck by the picture she makes.

Matey — Van Dyck might have painted you.

Ronny — I wish he had. I'd like it better — if I were — just stuck up somewhere. . . . {To Nancy.} I hadn't a chance at dinner — I- wanted to be sure that — you weren't hating me too much —

Nancy — I'm afraid I am very old-fashioned. For-

give me — but I find it difficult to regard jilting with anything but — distaste.

Matey — {an entreaty}. Ronny — ."

Ronny — All right — only Ricky mustn't know.

Matey — {to Nancy} . Ronny told me something this afternoon. She told me a number of things. One of them was the motive for what she has done. She loves him very much. Rightly or wrongly, she felt that she , was keeping him from the thing — from a perhaps notable career. So she broke her engagement, and gave him a trumped up reason for it.

Nancy — {incredulously}. She could do that!  
When I — ? Oh — {She stands with her head bowed.}

Matey — {he must say something} . No doubt she's placed too much importance upon it. She's — {Nancy turns to Ronny.}

Nancy — Ronny — I think I am one of the few-mothers who consider the girl their son loves really good enough for him.

Ronny — {barely audible} . You're very kind. But —

Nancy — {with a gesture asking her to come to her}. Please. You make me feel very little. You are doing something that I, years ago, hadn't the courage to do. {Ronny looks from her to Matey. Then realizes what she means.}

Ronny — Oh — it's not at all the same, you know.

Nancy — I think it very much the same — {Pause.}  
But I don't know what to advise you. I've — had a happy life, my dear. . . .

Matey — And so have I, Ronny — a very happy one.  
{Nancy glances at him, gratefully.}

Nancy — It's — doubtful now, whether we could send Ricky abroad. . . . {Ronny looks at Matey, who looks away.} . . . Even if he would consent to go. And it may be that you and your love could mean —

Matey — Could mean — much more than anything

else could — without them.

Ronny — As I see it, that's not the point —

Matey — But the more I think of it, the more certain I am that —

Ronny — It's no good arguing, Mr. White. I'm sure I'm right. And you know what a stubborn little mule I am. . . .

Nancy — You've told your mother?

Ronny — That it was off? Yes. Told both of them. Father won't speak to me, and I left mother eating aspirin tablets. {She laughs shortly.} It's a great life.

Ronny will not listen to their sympathetic suggestions that she may be making a mistake. After all — they have been happy — despite the fact that Matey had given up his career, they insist. And why shouldn't she and Ricky — But Ronny's mind is made up — that Ricky shall have his chance, and the best chance they can give him, whatever the cost to her. . . .

G. T. Warren finds the climb to the studio pretty stiff. You hear him puffing his way up the last flight of stairs under protest, and when he meets Nancy at the top he is greatly surprised. He had expected St. Peter!

G. T. has come from the Carhart's dinner. He has been wildly curious to discover what Matey has really been doing with himself. It is all right for a man to take a rest — but it isn't resting after the first six weeks — it's rotting — so far as he is concerned. However, he did not come to talk vacations.

Nichols — Oh yes — Mr. Warren saw the portrait.

Matey — (Dance music begins to be heard faintly, from the Duane's'.)

Matey — (easily) . That's right — you were at the Carhart's, weren't you ? Amusing chap — this protege of mine. A bit erratic, of course — you know painters.

Warren — Um.

Matey — Oh — oh — by the way — - did you hear

Ewing or Kendall say anything about coming over?

Warren — Here? No. And listen — those fellows make me tired. You should have heard them pulling your friend's picture to pieces. All about "dim cherry-askure" and "flat composition" — and all that highbrow rot. Blind as bats — both of 'em ! Missing the greatest thing about it! White — I want to tell you that that picture has human interest appeal!

Matey — (bravely). You — found it interesting?

Warren — Enough to pay four thousand dollars for it!

Nancy — (quietly). You — are the prospective purchaser, Mr. Warren? {Nichols returns to window. Matey nods his head reflectively, staring at the floor.}

Matey — H'm — very generous offer, very —

Warren — You bet I am! Why, it's the sweetest face I ever saw! {Rises and crosses to easel.} This it? Ah — if that doesn't give trumps to 'all the Old Masters I've ever seen — I'll — I'll — {He gazes at the portrait with a rapt expression. Matey brings himself heavily to his feet. Nancy edges closer to him, watching him.}

Matey — You say — Kendall and Ewing and the others — didn't think so much of it?

Warren — Bah — they make me sick!

Matey — They make me — a little sick. . . .

It is a blow to Matey, this "victory." Nancy, sensing his hurt, quietly grasps the hand he has swung behind his back, and soon the awful truth is revealed to them. Warren has bought the picture "to personify the Warren line," to advertise his soap and cosmetics as a unit in a monster advertising campaign, such as Matey had always insisted should be done. To do the trick, all this picture needs is a nine-point script line reading, "The Warren Line is Purity Itself" written across the bottom.

Matey — Instead of the painter's signature. Yes — I can see it. G. T. — you're not aware of it — but in a way you're — uncannily like God. . . .

Warren — {after a pause. Surprised, then amused} .  
Me . . . ? God— ? Ho! Ho! Thanks for the compliment. Wonder if it wouldn't be better to put something in her hand. {Regarding the picture.) Art department could retouch it in — a bunch of flowers . . . or a can of talcum —

Nancy — I think, Mr. Warren, that its great charm is its — refreshing freedom from artifice —

Warren — Well — you ought to know. You're a woman. And it's women we want to reach. {To Matey.) Make the cheque out to you?

Matey — You'd better wait. The — artist may not care to have it used for advertising purposes. I'll let you know Monday. . . .

Warren — {laughing} . What? Temperament? {He goes to table and writes cheque.) Wave this under his nose. If he's as poor as most artists, he'll soon forget his highy-tighty notions — and tell him I want to see him about doing two or three more, in different poses. Same price. . . .

Matey — {directly} . That, I am certain he will not consent to.

Nancy — {softly}. Ah — you brick!

Nichols — Bravo !

Warren — {to Nancy}. What's that?

Nancy — I was speaking to my husband.

Warren — Oh! {Etta enters with a note for Matey. Warren leaves cheque on table, and rises.) You watch

— he'll come around. He'll —

Matey — It is — the face you like, isn't it?

Warren — Certainly. I don't know anything about the technique, or whatever you call it — {Etta passes Warren, unnoticed by him.)

Matey — I think perhaps we — can find the model



— and some proficient — commercial artist can do her in other poses.

Warren — Suits me. Say now — before I go — there's one more thing —

Etta — {giving Matey envelope}. A message for you, sir — and thank you, sir.

Matey — {gravely}. All right, Etta. {Etta turns to go out.}

Warren — {continuing}. I'm not too well pleased with the way the Chicago — {As she passes Warren, Etta looks up at him. He stops speaking abruptly, and his mouth drops open in amazement. He turns and watches her as she goes out. He looks again at the portrait, then wheels about quickly, and explodes.} "WTiite — there's something damn queer about this whole thing. Did you paint this picture?

Matey — {smiling}. G. T.! — Imagine me an artist !

Warren — {suddenly his face lights up in complete understanding}. Now I see it! That's why you left! You knew we had to advertise. You knew I couldn't find what I wanted. So you got a big idea — worked it out by yourself — and then sprang it on me! What a fellow you are!

Matey — It's a pretty explanation, — but quite erroneous, quite —

Nichols — Oh, agree with him. Matey — what's the odds?

Matey — You're quite wrong —

Warren — Dammit, right or wrong, I want you back, and now that I've OK'd your advertising plans, you ought to be on hand to manage 'em — Well, what do you say?

Matey — I don't know. I'll tell you that on Monday, too. If I should come back — would you agree to my having Fridays and Saturdays free the entire year round — to devote to a — hobby of mine?

Warren — Absolutely!

Matey — I'll think it over, and let you know.

Matey is helped in that heart-wrenching decision by a letter that comes from Greg Kendall, as good a judge of painting as any man he knows. It is "a bit of a facer," this letter, but Matey insists that Nancy shall read it to him, every word.

"Ewing and I have had a lively discussion concerning the portrait painted by your protege," writes Kendall. "Ewing insists that it is of no consequence, but I cannot bring myself wholly to agree with him. ... I find the technique above the average, and the brush work distinctly promising. My main objections hang upon a certain inflexibility in treatment. We do not expect a painter's early work to be individual, but such rigidity is as ominous as it is uncommon. Unless your young friend is content with a place in the ranks of the agreeably mediocre, he should devote the next three or four years to the most painstaking study under a good European master. This may, or may not, be his salvation."

There are crumbs of comfort in that letter. Matey finds. Kendall did like his brush work, and that is important. Again the hope flares in him that, with a little tutoring in town, and his Fridays and Saturdays to do with as he will —

But Nancy is not for compromises. He is not one to do things by halves. Let him go abroad, and study, seriously. They can manage somehow. They can sell the place, if necessary.

But Matey will not listen to her. Already another plan has shaped itself in his mind, a plan in which Ricky figures importantly. Now Ricky, having been summoned, comes bounding in, again strumming the guitar. He is making a brave show of high spirits, but he feels, as he frankly admits, "like holy hell."

Matey — Rick, — how'd you like to — go abroad — as you planned? (Ricky glances at him quickly.)

Ricky — What! (A thoughtful pause.) Take the wherewithal from you? No — thanks a lot — but it

can't be done. I'll manage all right in some New York office.

Nancy — That's the you in him speaking. Matey.

{Matey thinks rapidly for a moment.}

Matey — But I've good news for you. When you were born, your grandfather took out an endowment policy in your name. You're supposed to get it when you're thirty — a yearly income of about two thousand for a term of five years.

Ricky — But — I'm only —

Matey — Hubbard's the executor. This afternoon he told me that it can come to you now — provided I consider you old enough to expend it properly.

Ricky — Gosh, dad — that's knockout news —

Matey — And if you and Ronny are careful, it's enough to take her with you, together, you'll have four thousand a year, you'll do better work than you would if you had more —

Ricky — But Ronny doesn't —

Matey — Let me finish ! Son ■■ — the happiness of a man's family can mean a lot to him — a tremendous lot. So if you've something you feel it's your destiny to do — something out of the beaten track — unusual, difficult ^ you'd better begin your married life doing it^

Nancy — (quietly). And if you don't?

Matey — The chances are it will never be done.  
{Ricky looks from one to the other, bewildered.}

Ricky — But listen —

Nancy — (to Matey). Then what — ? (For a moment Matey's head sinks. He lifts it again, smiling.)

Matey — Why — then I suppose — you turn philosopher.

Nancy — Philosophy — to fill an empty heart. It

must be rather dreadful. . . .

Matey — It would be — if one's heart were empty.  
But when it's full already — well — habit has a way of  
changing destinies, don't you think? (He laughs  
lightly.) How's that — for philosophy?

With a rush Ricky is off to find his Ronny, and Matey  
and Nancy are left facing each other with something  
between a great sadness and a great hope between them.  
The fine story Matey has made up for his son Nancy  
knows to be untrue.

Nancy — His grandfather did nothing of the sort.

Matey — I know he didn't. But he wouldn't have  
taken it from me — not for both of them.

Nancy — Are you certain — you're acting wisely?

Matey — Wisdom has nothing to do with love, my  
dear.

Nancy — (a stilled voice) . Matey — if this is fail-  
ure, it's a kind I've never seen before.

Matey — {brightly}. Why — you talk as though  
I'd given it up entirely! Didn't you hear me arrange  
with G. T. for time to —

Nancy — (with a hopeless gesture). Week-ends . . . ?

Matey — Um. And by and by when Ricky's on his  
feet, and Jean is married — (Nancy buries her head on  
his shoulder.)

Nancy — (pitying him with her whole heart) . Oh  
— Matey — you'll be nearly fifty!

Matey — You call that old?

Nancy — (clinging to him) . I don't like the look of  
this — at all. . . . (Matey holds her to him, staring  
fixedly into space over her shoulder. The orchestra at  
the Duane's begins to play a waltz. His face brightens.)

Matey — (as briskly as he can). Well — if we're  
going to the dance, I'd better get into costume. (He  
blows out the candles, and Nancy turns out the lamps

leaving the room lighted only by the moonlight, which faintly illuminates the small windows, and flows strongly through the great dormer upon the portrait and upon Nancy. A shaft of pale light lights the stairs from below. Matey takes one last look at the portrait and then goes to Nancy.) What hideous disguise have you got for me?

Nancy — The usual — a matador.

Matey — No! Tonight I shall be something different.

Nancy — But there isn't anything!

Matey — Yes, there is — {He picks up his smock and holds it out for her to see.) I am going, my love — {The smock envelopes him now, and he turns to give Nancy a full picture, as he stands there a parody of himself and his hopes) — as an artist! {Nancy's hand goes out to him in a little vain protest. He takes the red Spanish beret from the animal's head on the wall and sets it jauntily upon his own. He lifts "Genevieve" from the hobby horse, and takes Nancy's arm through his. The three cross toward the stairs. Matey with his head high — "Genevieve" on one arm, Nancy a tragic figure on the other — whistling the waltz with the orchestra. )

THE END

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## **THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH**

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Tales of the Five Towns, by Arnold Bennett

It was Monday afternoon of Bursley Wakes—not our modern rectified festival, but the wild and naïve orgy of seventy years ago, the days of bear-baiting and of bull-baiting, from which latter phrase, they say, the town derives its name. In those times there was a town-bull, a sort of civic beast; and a certain notorious character kept a bear in his pantry. The 'beating' (baiting) occurred usually on Sunday mornings at six o'clock, with formidable hungry dogs; and little boys used to look forward eagerly to the day when they would be old enough to be permitted to attend. On Sunday afternoons colliers and potters, gathered round the jawbone of a whale which then stood as a natural curiosity on the waste space near the corn-mill, would discuss the fray, and make bets for next Sunday,

while the exhausted dogs 040 licked their wounds, or died. During the Wakes week bull and bear were baited at frequent intervals, according to popular demand, for thousands of sportsmen from neighbouring villages seized the opportunity of the fair to witness the fine beatings for which Bursley was famous throughout the country of the Five Towns. In that week the Wakes took possession of the town, which yielded itself with savage abandonment to all the frenzies of license. The public-houses remained continuously open night and day, and the barmen and barmaids never went to bed; every inn engaged special 'talent' in order to attract custom, and for a hundred hours the whole thronged town drank, drank, until the supply of coin of George IV., converging gradually into the coffers of a few persons, ceased to circulate. Towards the end of the Wakes, by way of a last ecstasy, the cockfighters would carry their birds, which had already fought and been called off, perhaps, half a dozen times, to the town-field (where the discreet 40 per cent. brewery now stands), and there match them to a finish. It was a spacious age.

On this Monday afternoon in June the less 041 fervid activities of the Wakes were proceeding as usual in the market-place, overshadowed by the Town Hall—not the present stone structure with its gold angel, but a brick edifice built on an ashlar basement. Hobby-horses and revolving swing-boats, propelled, with admirable economy to the proprietors, by privileged boys who took their pay in an occasional ride, competed successfully with the skeleton man, the fat or bearded woman, and Aunt Sally. The long toy-tents, artfully roofed with a tinted cloth which permitted only a soft, mellow light to illuminate the wares displayed, were crowded with jostling youth and full of the sound of whistles, 'squarkers,' and various pipes; and multitudes surrounded the gingerbread, nut, and savoury stalls which lined both sides of the roadway as far as Duck Bank. In front of the numerous boxing-booths experts of the 'fancy,' obviously out of condition, offered to fight all comers, and were not seldom well thrashed by impetuous champions of local fame. There were no photographic studios and no cocoanut-shies, for these things had not been thought of; and to us moderns the fair, despite its uncontrolled exuberance of revelry, 042 would have seemed strangely quiet, since neither steam-organ nor hooter nor hurdy-gurdy was there to overwhelm the ear with crashing waves of gigantic sound. But if the special phenomena of a later day were missing from the carnival, others, as astonishing to us as the steam-organ would have been to those uncouth roisterers, were certainly present. Chief, perhaps, among these was the man who retailed the elixir of youth, the veritable eau de jouvence, to credulous drinkers at sixpence a bottle. This magician, whose dark mysterious face and glittering eyes indicated a strain of Romany blood, and whose accent proved that he had at any rate lived much in Yorkshire, had a small booth opposite the watch-house under the Town Hall. On a banner suspended in front of it was painted the legend:

THE INCA OF PERU'S

ELIXER OF YOUTH

SOLD HERE.

ETERNAL YOUTH FOR ALL.

DRINK THIS AND YOU WILL NEVER GROW OLD

AS SUPPLIED TO THE NOBILITY & GENTRY

SIXPENCE PER BOT.

WALK IN, WALK IN, &

CONSULT THE INCA OF PERU.

043 The Inca of Peru, dressed in black velveteens, with a brilliant scarf round his neck, stood at the door of his tent, holding an empty glass in one jewelled hand, and with the other twirling a long and silken moustache. Handsome, graceful, and thoroughly inured to the public gaze, he fronted a small circle of gapers like an actor adroit to make the best of himself, and his tongue wagged fast enough to wag a man's leg off. At a casual glance he might have been taken for thirty, but his age was fifty and more—if you could catch him in the morning before he had put the paint on.

'Ladies and gentlemen of Bursley, this enlightened and beautiful town which I am now visiting for the first time,' he began in a hard, metallic voice, employing again with the glib accuracy of a machine the exact phrases which he had been using all day, 'look at me—look well at me. How old do you think I am? How old do I seem? Twenty, my dear, do you say?' and he turned with practised insolence to a pot-girl in a red shawl who could not have uttered an audible word to save her soul, but who blushed and giggled with pleasure at this mark of attention. 'Ah! you flatter, 044 fair maiden! I look more than twenty, but I think I may say that I do not look thirty. Does any lady or gentleman think I look thirty? No! As a matter of fact, I was twenty-nine years of age when, in South America, while exploring the ruins of the most ancient civilization of the world—of the world, ladies and gentlemen—I made my wonderful discovery, the Elixir of Youth!'

'What art blethering at, Licksy?' a drunken man called from the back of the crowd, and the nickname stuck to the great discoverer during the rest of the Wakes.

'That, ladies and gentlemen,' the Inca of Peru continued unperturbed, 'was—seventy-two years ago. I am now a hundred and one years old precisely, and as fresh as a kitten, all along of my marvellous elixir. Far older, for instance, than this good dame here.'

He pointed to an aged and wrinkled woman, in blue cotton and a white mutch, who was placidly smoking a short cutty. This creature, bowed and satiate with monotonous years, took the pipe from her indrawn lips, and asked in a weary, trembling falsetto:

'How many wives hast had?'

045 'Seventane,' the Inca retorted quickly, dropping at once into broad dialect, 'and now lone and lookin' to wed again. Wilt have me?'

'Nay,' replied the crone. 'I've buried four mysen, and no man o' mine shall bury me.'

There was a burst of laughter, amid which the Inca, taking the crowd archly into his confidence, remarked:

'I've never administered my elixir to any of my wives, ladies and gentlemen. You may blame me, but I freely confess the fact;' and he winked.

'Licksy! Licksy!' the drunken man idiotically chanted.

'And now,' the Inca proceeded, coming at length to the practical part of his ovation, 'see here!' With the rapidity of a conjurer he whipped from his pocket a small bottle, and held it up before the increasing audience. It contained a reddish fluid, which shone bright and rich in the sunlight. 'See here!' he cried magnificently, but he was destined to interruption.

A sudden cry arose of 'Black Jack! Black Jack! 'Tis him! He's caught!' And the 046 Inca's crowd, together with all the other crowds filling the market-place, surged off eastward in a dense, struggling mass.

The cynosure of every eye was a springless clay-cart, which was being slowly driven past the newly-erected 'big house' of Enoch Wood, Esquire, towards the Town Hall. In this, cart were two constables, with their painted staves drawn, and between the constables sat a man securely chained—Black Jack of Moorthorne, the mining village which lies over the ridge a mile or so east of Bursley. The captive was a ferocious and splendid young Hercules, tall, with enormous limbs and hands and heavy black brows. He was dressed in his soiled working attire of a collier, the trousers strapped under the knees, and his feet shod in vast clogs. With open throat, small head, great jaws, and bold beady eyes, he looked what he was, the superb brute—the brute reckless of all save the instant satisfaction of his desires. He came of a family of colliers, the most debased class in a lawless district. Jack's father had been a colliery-serf, legally enslaved to his colliery, legally liable to be sold with the colliery as a chattel, 047 and legally bound to bring up all his sons as colliers, until the Act of George III. put an end to this incredible survival from the customs of the Dark Ages. Black Jack was now a hero to the crowd, and knew it, for those vast clogs had kicked a woman to death on the previous day. She was a Moorthorne woman, not his wife, but his sweetheart, older than he; people said that she nagged him, and that he was tired of her. The murderer had hidden for a night, and then, defiantly, surrendered to the watch, and the watch were taking him to the watch-house in the ashlar basement of the Town Hall. The feeble horse between the shafts of the cart moved with difficulty through the press, and often the coloured staves of the constables came down thwack on the heads of heedless youth. At length the cart reached the space between the watch-house and the tent of the Inca of Peru, where it stopped while the constables unlocked a massive door; the prisoner remained proudly in the cart, accepting, with obvious delight, the tribute of cheers and jeers, hoots and shouts, from five thousand mouths.

The Inca of Peru stood at the door of his 048 tent and surveyed Black Jack, who was not more than a few feet away from him.

'Have a glass of my elixir,' he said to the death-dealer; 'no one in this town needs it more than thee, by all accounts. Have a glass, and live for ever. Only sixpence.'

The man in the cart laughed aloud.

'I've nowt on me—not a farden,' he answered, in a strong grating voice.

At that moment a girl, half hidden by the cart, sprang forward, offering something in her outstretched palm to the Inca; but he, misunderstanding her intention, merely glanced with passing interest at her face, and returned his gaze to the prisoner.

'I'll give thee a glass, lad,' he said quickly, 'and then thou canst defy Jack Ketch.'

The crowd yelled with excitement, and the murderer held forth his great hand for the potion. Using every art to enhance the effect of this dramatic advertisement, the Inca of Peru raised his bottle on high, and said in a loud, impressive tone:

'This precious liquid has the property, possessed by no other liquid on earth, of frothing twice. I shall pour it into the glass, 049 and it will froth. Black Jack will drink it, and after he has drunk it will froth again. Observe!'

He uncorked the bottle and filled the glass with the reddish fluid, which after a few seconds duly effervesced, to the vague wonder of the populace. The Inca held the glass till the froth had subsided, and then solemnly gave it to Black Jack.

'Drink!' commanded the Inca.



Black Jack took the draught at a gulp, and instantly flung the glass at the Inca's face. It missed him, however. There were signs of a fracas, but the door of the watch-house swung opportunely open, and Jack was dragged from the cart and hustled within. The crowd, with a crowd's fickleness, turned to other affairs.

That evening the ingenious Inca of Peru did good trade for several hours, but towards eleven o'clock the attraction of the public-houses and of a grand special combined bull and bear beating by moonlight in the large yard of the Cock Inn drew away the circle of his customers until there was none left. He retired inside the tent with several pounds in his pocket and a god's consciousness of having 050 made immortal many of the sons and daughters of Adam.

As he was counting out his gains on the tub of eternal youth by the flicker of a dip, someone lifted the flap of the booth and stealthily entered. He sprang up, fearing robbery with violence, which was sufficiently common during the Wakes; but it was only the young girl who had stood behind the cart when he offered to Black Jack his priceless boon. The Inca had noticed her with increasing interest several times during the evening as she loitered restless near the door of the watch-house.

'What do you want?' he asked her, with the ingratiating affability of the rake who foresees everything.

'Give me a drink.'

'A drink of what, my dear?'

'Licksy.'

He raised the dip, and by its light examined her face. It was a kind of face which carries no provocative signal for nine men out of ten, but which will haunt the tenth: a child's face with a passionate woman's eyes burning and dying in it—black hair, black eyes, thin pale 051 cheeks, equine nostrils, red lips, small ears, and the smallest chin conceivable. He smiled at her, pleased.

'Can you pay for it?' he said pleasantly.

The girl evidently belonged to the poorest class. Her shaggy, uncovered head, lean frame, torn gown, and bare feet, all spoke of hardship and neglect.

'I've a silver groat,' she answered, and closed her small fist tighter.

'A silver groat!' he exclaimed, rather astonished. 'Where did you get that from?'

'He give it me for a-fairing yesterday.'

'Who?'

'Him yonder'—she jerked her head back to indicate the watch-house—'Black Jack.'

'What for?'

'He kissed me,' she said boldly; 'I'm his sweetheart.'

'Eh!' The Inca paused a moment, startled. 'But he killed his sweetheart yesterday.'

'What! Meg!' the girl exclaimed with deep scorn. 'Her weren't his true sweetheart. Her druv him to it. Serve her well right! Owd Meg!'

'How old are you, my dear?'

052 'Don't know. But feyther said last Wakes I was fourtane. I mun keep young for Jack. He wunna have me if I'm owd.'

'But he'll be hanged, they say.'

She gave a short, satisfied laugh.

'Not now he's drunk Licksy—hangman won't get him. I heard a man say Jack 'd get off wi' twenty year for manslaughter, most like.'

'And you'll wait twenty years for him?'

'Yes,' she said; 'I'll meet him at prison gates. But I mun be young. Give me a drink o' Licksy.'

He drew the red draught in silence, and after it had effervesced offered it to her.

"Tis raight?" she questioned, taking the glass.

The Inca nodded, and, lifting the vessel, she opened her eager lips and became immortal. It was the first time in her life that she had drunk out of a glass, and it would be the last.

Struck dumb by the trusting joy in those profound eyes, the Inca took the empty glass from her trembling hand. Frail organism and prey of love! Passion had surprised her too young. Noon had come before the flower could open. She went out of the tent.

053 'Wench!' the Inca called after her, 'thy groat!'

She paid him and stood aimless for a second, and then started to cross the roadway. Simultaneously there was a rush and a roar from the Cock yard close by. The raging bull, dragging its ropes, and followed by a crowd of alarmed pursuers, dashed out. The girl was plain in the moonlight. Many others were abroad, but the bull seemed to see nothing but her, and, lowering his huge head, he charged with shut eyes and flung her over the Inca's booth.

'Thou's gotten thy wish: thou'rt young for ever!' the Inca of Peru, made a poet for an instant by this disaster, murmured to himself as he bent with the curious crowd over the corpse.

Black Jack was hanged.

Many years after all this Bursley built itself a new Town Hall (with a spire, and a gold angel on the top in the act of crowning the bailiwick with a gold crown), and began to think about getting up in the world.

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## MEMOIRS OF A YELLOW DOG

The Project Gutenberg eBook, The Four Million, by O. Henry

I don't suppose it will knock any of you people off your perch to read a contribution from an animal. Mr. Kipling and a good many others have demonstrated the fact that animals can express themselves in remunerative English, and no magazine goes to press nowadays without an animal story in it, except the old-style monthlies that are still running pictures of Bryan and the Mont Pélee horror.

But you needn't look for any stuck-up literature in my piece, such as Bearoo, the bear, and Snakoo, the snake, and Tammanoo, the tiger, talk in the jungle books. A yellow dog that's spent most of his life in a cheap New York flat, sleeping in a corner on an old sateen underskirt (the one she spilled port wine on at the Lady Longshoremen's banquet), mustn't be expected to perform any tricks with the art of speech.

I was born a yellow pup; date, locality, pedigree and weight unknown. The first thing I can recollect, an old woman had me in a basket at Broadway and Twenty-third trying to sell me to a fat lady. Old Mother Hubbard was boosting me to beat the band as a genuine Pomeranian-Hambletonian-Red-Irish-Cochin-China-Stoke-Pogis fox terrier. The fat lady chased a V around among the samples of gros grain flannelette in her shopping bag till she cornered it, and gave up. From that moment I was a pet—a mamma's own wootsey squidlums. Say, gentle reader, did you ever have a 200-pound woman breathing a flavour of Camembert cheese and Peau d'Espagne pick you up and wallop her nose all over you, remarking all the time in an Emma Eames tone of voice: "Oh, oo's um oodlum, doodlum, woodlum, toodlum, bitsy-witsy skoodlums?"

From a pedigreed yellow pup I grew up to be an anonymous yellow cur looking like a cross between an Angora cat and a box of lemons. But my mistress never tumbled. She thought that the two primeval pups that Noah chased into the ark were but a collateral branch of my ancestors. It took two policemen to keep her from entering me at the Madison Square Garden for the Siberian bloodhound prize.

I'll tell you about that flat. The house was the ordinary thing in New York, paved with Parian marble in the entrance hall and cobblestones above the first floor. Our fiat was three—well, not flights—climbs up. My mistress rented it unfurnished, and put in the regular things—1903 antique unholstered parlour set, oil chromo of geishas in a Harlem tea house, rubber plant and husband.

By Sirius! there was a biped I felt sorry for. He was a little man with sandy hair and whiskers a good deal like mine. Henpecked?—well, toucans and flamingoes and pelicans all had their bills in him. He wiped the dishes and listened to my mistress tell about the cheap, ragged things the lady with the squirrel-skin coat on the second floor hung out on her line to dry. And every evening while she was getting supper she made him take me out on the end of a string for a walk.

If men knew how women pass the time when they are alone they'd never marry. Laura Lean Jibbey, peanut brittle, a little almond cream on the neck muscles, dishes unwashed, half an hour's talk with the iceman, reading a package of old letters, a couple of pickles and two bottles of malt extract, one hour peeking through a hole in the window shade into the flat across the air-shaft—that's about all there is to it. Twenty minutes before time for him to come home from work she straightens up the house, fixes her rat so it won't show, and gets out a lot of sewing for a ten-minute bluff.

I led a dog's life in that flat. 'Most all day I lay there in my corner watching that fat woman kill time. I slept sometimes and had pipe dreams about being out chasing cats into basements and growling at old ladies with black mittens, as a dog was intended to do. Then she would pounce upon me with a lot of that drivelling poodle palaver and kiss me on the nose—but what could I do? A dog can't chew cloves.

I began to feel sorry for Hubby, dog my cats if I didn't. We looked so much alike that people noticed it when we went out; so we shook the streets that Morgan's cab drives down, and took to climbing the piles of last December's snow on the streets where cheap people live.

One evening when we were thus promenading, and I was trying to look like a prize St. Bernard, and the old man was trying to look like he wouldn't have murdered the first organ-grinder he heard play Mendelssohn's wedding-march, I looked up at him and said, in my way:

"What are you looking so sour about, you oakum trimmed lobster? She don't kiss you. You don't have to sit on her lap and listen to talk that would make the book of a musical comedy sound like the maxims of Epictetus. You ought to be thankful you're not a dog. Brace up, Benedick, and bid the blues begone."

The matrimonial mishap looked down at me with almost canine intelligence in his face.

"Why, doggie," says he, "good doggie. You almost look like you could speak. What is it, doggie—Cats?"

Cats! Could speak!

But, of course, he couldn't understand. Humans were denied the speech of animals. The only common ground of communication upon which dogs and men can get together is in fiction.

In the flat across the hall from us lived a lady with a black-and-tan terrier. Her husband strung it and took it out every evening, but he always came home cheerful and whistling. One day I touched noses with the black-and-tan in the hall, and I struck him for an elucidation.

"See, here, Wiggle-and-Skip," I says, "you know that it ain't the nature of a real man to play dry nurse to a dog in public. I never saw one leashed to a bow-wow yet that didn't look like he'd like to lick every other man that looked at him. But your boss comes in every day as perky and set up as an amateur prestidigitator doing the egg trick. How does he do it? Don't tell me he likes it."

"Him?" says the black-and-tan. "Why, he uses Nature's Own Remedy. He gets spifflicated. At first when we go out he's as shy as the man on the steamer who would rather play pedro when they make 'em all jackpots. By the time we've been in eight saloons he don't care whether the thing on the end of his line is a dog or a catfish. I've lost two inches of my tail trying to sidestep those swinging doors."

The pointer I got from that terrier—vaudeville please copy—set me to thinking.

One evening about 6 o'clock my mistress ordered him to get busy and do the ozone act for Lovey. I have concealed it until now, but that is what she called me. The black-and-tan was called "Tweetness." I consider that I have the bulge on him as far as you could chase a rabbit. Still "Lovey" is something of a nomenclatural tin can on the tail of one's self respect.

At a quiet place on a safe street I tightened the line of my custodian in front of an attractive, refined saloon. I made

a dead-ahead scramble for the doors, whining like a dog in the press despatches that lets the family know that little Alice is bogged while gathering lilies in the brook.

"Why, darn my eyes," says the old man, with a grin; "darn my eyes if the saffron-coloured son of a seltzer lemonade ain't asking me in to take a drink. Lemme see—how long's it been since I saved shoe leather by keeping one foot on the foot-rest? I believe I'll—"

I knew I had him. Hot Scotches he took, sitting at a table. For an hour he kept the Campbells coming. I sat by his side rapping for the waiter with my tail, and eating free lunch such as mamma in her flat never equalled with her homemade truck bought at a delicatessen store eight minutes before papa comes home.

When the products of Scotland were all exhausted except the rye bread the old man unwound me from the table leg and played me outside like a fisherman plays a salmon. Out there he took off my collar and threw it into the street.

"Poor doggie," says he; "good doggie. She shan't kiss you any more. 'S a darned shame. Good doggie, go away and get run over by a street car and be happy."

I refused to leave. I leaped and frisked around the old man's legs happy as a pug on a rug.

"You old flea-headed woodchuck-chaser," I said to him—"you moon-baying, rabbit-pointing, egg-stealing old beagle, can't you see that I don't want to leave you? Can't you see that we're both Pups in the Wood and the missis is the cruel uncle after you with the dish towel and me with the flea liniment and a pink bow to tie on my tail. Why not cut that all out and be pards forever more?"

Maybe you'll say he didn't understand—maybe he didn't. But he kind of got a grip on the Hot Scotches, and stood still for a minute, thinking.

"Doggie," says he, finally, "we don't live more than a dozen lives on this earth, and very few of us live to be more than 300. If I ever see that flat any more I'm a flat, and if you do you're flatter; and that's no flattery. I'm offering 60 to 1 that Westward Ho wins out by the length of a dachshund."

There was no string, but I frolicked along with my master to the Twenty-third street ferry. And the cats on the route saw reason to give thanks that prehensile claws had been given them.

On the Jersey side my master said to a stranger who stood eating a currant bun:

"Me and my doggie, we are bound for the Rocky Mountains."

But what pleased me most was when my old man pulled both of my ears until I howled, and said: "You common, monkey-headed, rat-tailed, sulphur-coloured son of a door mat, do you know what I'm going to call you?"

I thought of "Lovey," and I whined dolefully.

"I'm going to call you 'Pete,'" says my master; and if I'd had five tails I couldn't have done enough wagging to do justice to the occasion.

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## YITZCHOK-YOSSEL BROITGEBER

by Isaiah Lerner, translated by Helena Frank

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Yiddish Tales*, by Various

Born, 1861, in Zwoniec, Podolia, Southwestern Russia; co-editor of die Bibliothek Dos Leben, published at Odessa, 1904, and Kishineff, 1905.

At the time I am speaking of, the above was about forty years old. He was a little, thin Jew with a long face, a long nose, two large, black, kindly eyes, and one who would sooner be silent and think than talk, no matter what was being said to him. Even when he was scolded for something (and by whom and when and for what was he \_not\_ scolded?), he used to listen with a quiet, startled, but sweet smile, and his large, kindly eyes would look at the other with such wonderment, mingled with a sort of pity, that the other soon stopped short in his abuse, and stood nonplussed before him.

"There, you may talk! You might as well argue with a horse, or a donkey, or the wall, or a log of wood!" and the other would spit and make off.

But if anyone observed that smile attentively, and studied the look in his eyes, he would, to a certainty, have read there as follows:

"O man, man, why are you eating your heart out? Seeing that you don't know, and that you don't understand, why do you undertake to tell me what I ought to do?"

And when he was obliged to answer, he used to do so in a few measured and gentle words, as you would speak to a little, ignorant child, smiling the while, and then he would disappear and start thinking again.

They called him "breadwinner," because, no matter how hard the man worked, he was never able to earn a living. He was a little tailor, but not like the tailors nowadays, who specialize in one kind of garment, for Yitzchok-Yossel made everything: trousers, cloaks, waistcoats, top-coats, fur-coats, capes, collars, bags for prayer-books, "little prayer-scarfs," and so on. Besides, he was a ladies' tailor as well. Summer and winter, day and night, he worked like an ox, and yet, when the Kabtzonivke community, at the time of the great cholera, in order to put an end to the plague, led him, aged thirty, out to the cemetery, and there married him to Malkeh the orphan, she cast him off two weeks later! She was still too young (twenty-eight), she said, to stay with him and die of hunger. She went out into the world, together with a large band of poor, after the great fire that destroyed nearly the whole

town, and nothing more was heard of Malkeh the orphan from that day forward. And Yitzchok-Yossel Broitgeber betook himself, with needle and flat-iron, into the women's chamber in the New Shool, the community having assigned it to him as a workroom.

How came it about, you may ask, that so versatile a tailor as Yitzchok-Yossel should be so poor?

Well, if you do, it just shows you didn't know him!

Wait and hear what I shall tell you.

The story is on this wise: Yitzchok-Yossel Broitgeber was a tailor who could make anything, and who made nothing at all, that is, since he displayed his imagination in cutting out and sewing on the occasion I am referring to, nobody would trust him.

I can remember as if it were to-day what happened in Kabtzonivke, and the commotion there was in the little town when Yitzchok-Yossel made Reb Yecheskel the teacher a pair of trousers (begging your pardon!) of such fantastic cut that the unfortunate teacher had to wear them as a vest, though he was not then in need of one, having a brand new sheepskin not more than three years old.

And now listen! Binyomin Droibnik the trader's mother died (blessed be the righteous Judge!), and her whole fortune went, according to the Law, to her only son Binyomin. She had to be buried at the expense of the community. If she was to be buried at all, it was the only way. But the whole town was furious with the old woman for having cheated them out of their expectations and taken her whole fortune away with her to the real world. None knew exactly why, but it was confidently believed that old "Aunt" Leah had heaps of treasure somewhere in hiding.

It was a custom with us in Kabtzonivke to say, whenever anyone, man or woman, lived long, ate sicknesses by the clock, and still did not die, that it was a sign that he had in the course of his long life gathered great store of riches, that somewhere in a cellar he kept potsful of gold and silver.

The Funeral Society, the younger members, had long been whetting their teeth for "Aunt" Leah's fortune, and now she had died (may she merit Paradise!) and had fooled them.

"What about her money?"

"A cow has flown over the roof and laid an egg!"

In that same night Reb Binyomin's cow (a real cow) calved, and the unfortunate consequence was that she died. The Funeral Society took the

calf, and buried "Aunt" Leah at its own expense.

Well, money or no money, inheritance or no inheritance, Reb Binyomin's old mother left him a quilt, a large, long, wide, wadded quilt. As an article of house furniture, a quilt is a very useful thing, especially in a house where there is a wife (no evil eye!) and a goodly number of children, little and big. Who doesn't see that? It looks simple enough! Either one keeps it for oneself and the two little boys (with whom Reb Binyomin used to sleep), or else one gives it to the wife and the two little girls (who also sleep all together), or, if not, then to the two bigger boys or the two bigger girls, who repose on the two bench-beds in the parlor and kitchen respectively. But this particular quilt brought such perplexity into Reb Binyomin's rather small head that he (not of you be it spoken!) nearly went mad.

"Why I and not she? Why she and not I? Or they? Or the others? Why they and not I? Why them and not us? Why the others and not them? Well, well, what is all this fuss? What did we cover them with before?"

Three days and three nights Reb Binyomin split his head and puzzled his brains over these questions, till the Almighty had pity on his small skull and feeble intelligence, and sent him a happy thought.

"After all, it is an inheritance from one's one and only mother (peace be upon her!), it is a thing from Thingland! I must adapt it to some useful purpose, so that Heaven and earth may envy me its possession!" And he sent to fetch Yitzchok-Yossel Broitgeber, the tailor, who could make every kind of garment, and said to him:

"Reb Yitzchok-Yossel, you see this article?"

"I see it."

"Yes, you see it, but do you understand it, really and truly understand it?"

"I think I do."

"But do you know what this is, ha?"

"A quilt."

"Ha, ha, ha! A quilt? I could have told you that myself. But the stuff, the material?"

"It's good material, beautiful stuff."

"Good material, beautiful stuff? No, I beg your pardon, you are not an expert in this, you don't know the value of merchandise. The real



artisan, the true expert, would say: The material is light, soft, and elastic, like a lung, a sound and healthy lung. The stuff--he would say further--is firm, full, and smooth as the best calf's leather. And durable? Why, it's a piece out of the heart of the strongest ox, or the tongue of the Messianic ox itself! Do you know how many winters this quilt has lasted already? But enough! That is not why I have sent for you. We are neither of us, thanks to His blessed Name, do-nothings. The long and short of it is this: I wish to make out of this--you understand me?--out of this material, out of this piece of stuff, a thing, an article, that shall draw everybody to it, a fruit that is worth saying the blessing over, something superfine. An instance: what, for example, tell me, what would you do, if I gave this piece of goods into your hands, and said to you: Reb Yitzchok-Yossel, as you are (without sin be it spoken!) an old workman, a good workman, and, besides that, a good comrade, and a Jew as well, take this material, this stuff, and deal with it as you think best. Only let it be turned into a sort of costume, a sort of garment, so that not only Kabtzonivke, but all Kamenivke, shall be bitten and torn with envy. Eh? What would you turn it into?"

Yitzchok-Yossel was silent, Reb Yitzchok-Yossel went nearly out of his mind, nearly fainted for joy at these last words. He grew pale as death, white as chalk, then burning red like a flame of fire, and sparkled and shone. And no wonder: Was it a trifle? All his life he had dreamed of the day when he should be given a free hand in his work, so that everyone should see who Yitzchok-Yossel is, and at the end came--the trousers, Reb Yecheskel Melammed's trousers! How well, how cleverly he had made them! Just think: trousers and upper garment in one! He had been so overjoyed, he had felt so happy. So sure that now everyone would know who Yitzchok-Yossel Broitgeber is! He had even begun to think and wonder about Malkeh the orphan--poor, unfortunate orphan! Had she ever had one single happy day in her life? Work forever and next to no food, toil till she was exhausted and next to no drink, sleep where she could get it: one time in Elkoneh the butcher's kitchen, another time in Yisroel Dintzis' attic ... and when at last she got married (good luck to her!), she became the wife of Yitzchok-Yossel Broitgeber! And the wedding took place in the burial-ground. On one side they were digging graves, on the other they were bringing fresh corpses. There was weeping and wailing, and in the middle of it all, the musicians playing and fiddling and singing, and the relations dancing!... Good luck! Good luck! The orphan and her breadwinner are being led to the marriage canopy in the graveyard!

He will never forget with what gusto, she, his bride, the first night after their wedding, ate, drank, and slept--the whole of the wedding-supper that had been given them, bridegroom and bride: a nice roll, a glass of brandy, a tea-glass full of wine, and a heaped-up plate of roast meat was cut up and scraped together and eaten (no evil eye!) by her, by the bride herself. He had taken great pleasure in watching her face. He had known her well from childhood, and had no need to look

at her to know what she was like, but he wanted to see what kind of feelings her face would express during this occupation. When they led him into the bridal chamber--she was already there--the companions of the bridegroom burst into a shout of laughter, for the bride was already snoring. He knew quite well why she had gone to sleep so quickly and comfortably. Was there not sufficient reason? For the first time in her life she had made a good meal and lain down in a bed with bedclothes!

The six groschen candle burnt, the flies woke and began to buzz, the mills clapt, and swung, and groaned, and he, Yitzchok-Yossel Broitgeber, the bridegroom, sat beside the bridal bed on a little barrel of pickled gherkins, and looked at Malkeh the orphan, his bride, his wife, listened to her loud thick snores, and thought.

The town dogs howled strangely. Evidently the wedding in the cemetery had not yet driven away the Angel of Death. From some of the neighboring houses came a dreadful crying and screaming of women and children.

Malkeh the orphan heard nothing. She slept sweetly, and snored as loud (I beg to distinguish!) as Caspar, the tall, stout miller, the owner of both mills.

Yitzchok-Yossel Broitgeber sits on the little barrel, looks at her face, and thinks. Her face is dark, roughened, and nearly like that of an old woman. A great, fat fly knocked against the wick, the candle suddenly began to burn brighter, and Yitzchok-Yossel saw her face become prettier, younger, and fresher, and overspread by a smile. That was all the effect of the supper and the soft bed. Then it was that he had promised himself, that he had sworn, once and for all, to show the Kabtzonivke Jews who he is, and then Malkeh the orphan will have food and a bed every day. He would have done this long ago, had it not been for those trousers. The people are so silly, they don't understand! That is the whole misfortune! And it's quite the other way about: let someone else try and turn out such an ingenious contrivance! But because it was he, and not someone else, they laughed and made fun of him. How Reb Yecheskel, his wife and children, did abuse him! That was his reward for all his trouble. And just because they themselves are cattle, horses, boors, who don't understand the tailor's art! Ha, if only they understood that tailoring is a noble, refined calling, limitless and bottomless as (with due distinction!) the holy Torah!

But all is not lost. Who knows? For here comes Binyomin Droibnik, an intelligent man, a man of brains and feeling. And think how many years he has been a trader! A retail trader, certainly, a jobber, but still--

"Come, Reb Yitzchok-Yossel, make an end! What will you turn it into?"

"Everything."

"That is to say?"

"A dressing-gown for your Dvoshke,--"

"And then?"

"A morning-gown with tassels,--"

"After that?"

"A coat."

"Well?"

"A dress--"

"And besides that?"

"A pair of trousers and a jacket--"

"Nothing more?"

"Why not? A--"

"For instance?"

"Pelisse, a wadded winter pelisse for you."

"There, there! Just that, and only that!" said Reb Binyomin, delighted.

Yitzchok-Yossel Broitgeber tucked away the quilt under his arm, and was preparing to be off.

"Reb Yitzchok-Yossel! And what about taking my measure? And how about your charge?"

Yitzchok-Yossel dearly loved to take anyone's measure, and was an expert at so doing. He had soon pulled a fair-sized sheet of paper out of one of his deep pockets, folded it into a long paper stick, and begun to measure Reb Binyomin Droibnik's limbs. He did not even omit to note the length and breadth of his feet.

"What do you want with that? Are you measuring me for trousers?"

"Ett, don't you ask! No need to teach a skilled workman his trade!"

"And what about the charge?"

"We shall settle that later."

"No, that won't do with me; I am a trader, you understand, and must have it all pat."

"Five gulden."

"And how much less?"

"How should I know? Well, four."

"Well, and half a ruble?"

"Well, well--"

"Remember, Reb Yitzchok-Yossel, it must be a masterpiece!"

"Trust me!"

\* \* \* \* \*

For five days and five nights Yitzchok-Yossel set his imagination to work on Binyomin Droibnik's inheritance. There was no eating for him, no drinking, and no sleeping. The scissors squeaked, the needle ran hither and thither, up and down, the inheritance sighed and almost sobbed under the hot iron. But how happy was Yitzchok-Yossel those lightsome days and merry nights? Who could compare with him? Greater than the Kabtzonivke village elder, richer than Yisroel Dintzis, the tax-gatherer, and more exalted than the bailiff himself was Yitzchok-Yossel, that is, in his own estimation. All that he wished, thought, and felt was forthwith created by means of his scissors and iron, his thimble, needle, and cotton. No more putting on of patches, sewing on of pockets, cutting out of "Tefillin-Säckle" and "little prayer-scarfs," no more doing up of old dresses. Freedom, freedom--he wanted one bit of work of the right sort, and that was all! Ha, now he would show them, the Kabtzonivke cripples and householders, now he would show them who Yitzchok-Yossel Broitgeber is! They would not laugh at him or tease him any more! His fame would travel from one end of the world to the other, and Malkeh the orphan, his bride, his wife, she also would hear of it, and--

She will come back to him! He feels it in every limb. It was not him she cast off, only his bad luck. He will rent a lodging (money will pour in from all sides)--buy a little furniture: a bed, a sofa, a table--in time he will buy a little house of his own--she will come, she has been homeless long enough--it is time she should rest her weary, aching bones--it is high time she should have her own corner!

She will come back, he feels it, she will certainly come home!

The last night! The work is complete. Yitzchok-Yossel spread it out on the table of the women's Shool, lighted a second groschen candle, sat down in front of it with wide open, sparkling eyes, gazed with delight at the product of his imagination and--was wildly happy!

So he sat the whole night.

It was very hard for him to part with his achievement, but hardly was it day when he appeared with it at Reb Binyomin Droibnik's.

"A good morning, a good year, Reb Yitzchok-Yossel! I see by your eyes that you have been successful. Is it true?"

"You can see for yourself, there--"

"No, no, there is no need for me to see it first. Dvoshke, Cheike, Shprintze, Dovid-Hershel, Yitzchok-Yoelik! You understand, I want them all to be present and see."

In a few minutes the whole family had appeared on the scene. Even the four little ones popped up from behind the heaps of ragged covering.

Yitzchok-Yossel untied his parcel and--

"\_Wuus is duuuusss???!!!\_"

"A pair of trousers with sleeves!"

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**Y** entries from the Project Gutenberg EBook of *1811 Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* by Captain Grose et al.

YAFFLING. Eating. CANT.

TO YAM. To eat or stuff heartily.

YANKEY, or YANKEY DOODLE. A booby, or country lout: a name given to the New England men in North America. A general appellation for an American.

YARMOUTH CAPON. A red herring: Yarmouth is a famous place for curing herrings.

YARMOUTH COACH. A kind of low two-wheeled cart drawn by one horse, not much unlike an Irish car.

YARMOUTH PYE. A pye made of herrings highly spiced, which the city of Norwich is by charter bound to present annually to the king.

YARUM. Milk. CANT.

YEA AND NAY MAN. A quaker, a simple fellow, one who can only answer yes, or no.

YELLOW. To look yellow; to be jealous. I happened to call on Mr. Green, who was out: on coming home, and finding me with his wife, he began to look confounded blue, and was, I thought, a little yellow.

YELLOW BELLY. A native of the Fens of Licoinsire; an allusion to the eels caught there.

YELLOW BOYS. Guineas.

TO YELP. To cry out. Yelper; a town cryer, also one apt to make great complaints on trifling occasions.

YEST. A contraction of yesterday.

YOKED. Married. A yoke; the quantum of labour performed at one spell by husbandmen, the day's work being divided in summer into three yokes. Kentish term.

YORKSHIRE TYKE. A Yorkshire clown. To come Yorkshire over any one; to cheat him.

YOUNG ONE. A familiar expression of contempt for another's ignorance, as "ah! I see you're a young one." How d'ye do, young one?

TO YOWL. To cry aloud, or howl.

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**Y** in The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Devil's Dictionary*, by Ambrose Bierce

YANKEE, n. In Europe, an American. In the Northern States of our Union, a New Englander. In the Southern States the word is unknown. (See DAMNYANK.)

YEAR, n. A period of three hundred and sixty-five disappointments.

YESTERDAY, n. The infancy of youth, the youth of manhood, the entire past of age.

But yesterday I should have thought me blest

To stand high-pinnacled upon the peak  
Of middle life and look adown the bleak  
And unfamiliar foreslope to the West,  
Where solemn shadows all the land invest  
And stilly voices, half-remembered, speak  
Unfinished prophecy, and witch-fires freak  
The haunted twilight of the Dark of Rest.  
Yea, yesterday my soul was all aflame  
To stay the shadow on the dial's face  
At manhood's noonmark! Now, in God His name  
I chide aloud the little interspace  
Disparting me from Certitude, and fain  
Would know the dream and vision ne'er again.

Baruch Arnegriff

It is said that in his last illness the poet Arnegriff was  
attended at different times by seven doctors.

YOKE, n. An implement, madam, to whose Latin name, *\_jugum\_*, we owe  
one of the most illuminating words in our language--a word that  
defines the matrimonial situation with precision, point and poignancy.  
A thousand apologies for withholding it.

YOUTH, n. The Period of Possibility, when Archimedes finds a fulcrum,  
Cassandra has a following and seven cities compete for the honor of  
endowing a living Homer.

Youth is the true Saturnian Reign, the Golden Age on earth  
again, when figs are grown on thistles, and pigs betailed with  
whistles and, wearing silken bristles, live ever in clover, and  
cows fly over, delivering milk at every door, and Justice never  
is heard to snore, and every assassin is made a ghost and,  
howling, is cast into Baltimost!

Polydore Smith